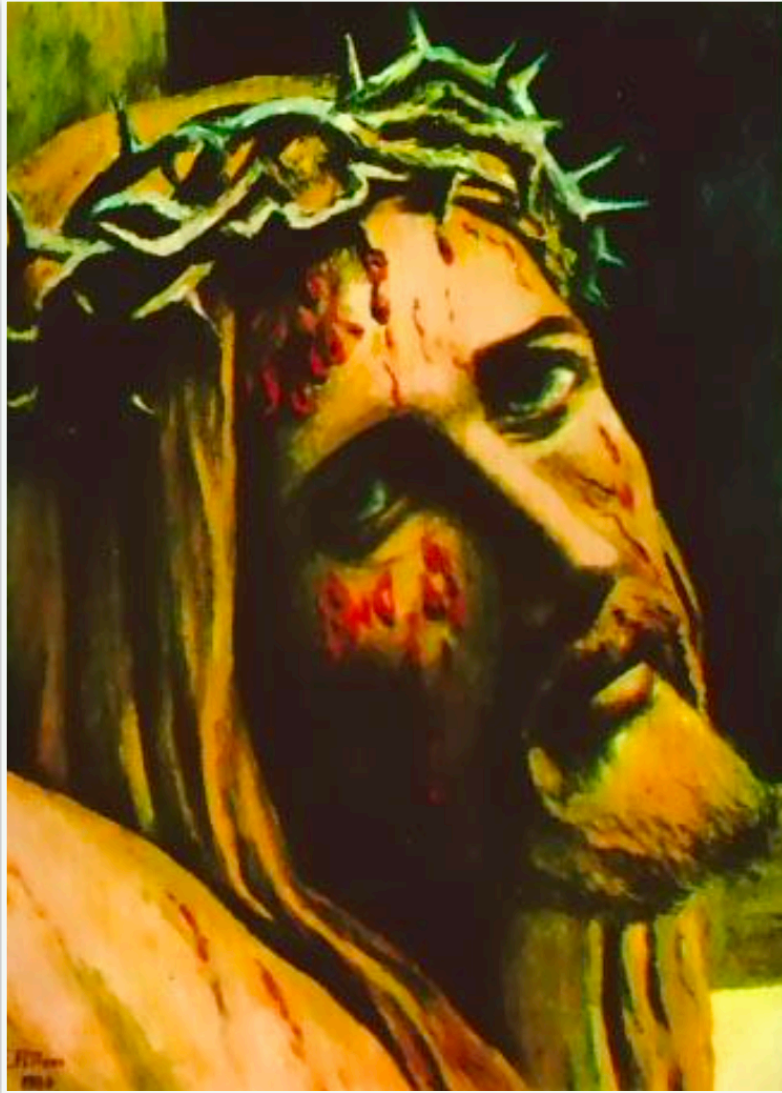


I drop a drop of my Blood...



**Spiritual itinerary with Jesus,
to live day after day
During Lent**

Translated from “Itinerario Quaresimale” by “Little Soul” (Anonymous). Translated from Italian to Spanish by Spiritual Father, translated to English by a humble servant.

Additional information can be found here: <https://www.confidencesofjesus.com>

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In these pages Jesus speaks to the "little soul"
of each one of his creatures, each one of us,
called to confront ourselves with the Truth that is He,
that illuminates every minimum space of our life,
every dark corner of our conscience,
every "black hole" of our soul that we
do not see, to purify and reorder it,
to heal and liberate ourselves with his Love,
and thus form his Life in us, in everything,
and every day he offers us a drop of his Blood
as medicine. Lent, in its forty days, is not only
a liturgical time of the Church,
but a time of preparation to fully take part in
the Resurrection and the Triumph of the Lord,
in his Kingdom, which is to be realized in us.

ASH WEDNESDAY

Little soul, I turn to you, I am Jesus. On this day do not speak, be silent within yourself, let me enter and let me rest; How much I have had to walk to look for you! So many times you have gone so far. If you are now reading these words that have come from my Heart for you, to console you, to guide you and not to let you feel alone, start with a little silence within you and with a prayer that comes from your heart. I would like you to tell me that you are happy to be with me. I have created you and I need your love, I gave you so much and I give you so much, but you, unfortunately, often do not feel it.

Come, little soul, come to the foot of my cross. If you understood how from love to the Father I later called you to love your brother, and then I showed you how you should have loved him: to love each one as I have loved him, and that to be one in Me, so that I could take you with me in the Holy Trinity, in that perfect union in love, so that God may be everything in everyone! Then, the one that We had created in our image and likeness, pure, luminous, harmonious and full of love, there in the eternal dwellings, would have finally found the paternal home that awaited him, but above all our embrace that welcomed him and our breath that gave him life and life in abundance. You were not created to be below but for the joy from above, precisely in the eternal dwellings, but the envy of the one who was expelled from them found in you a small space, a small extinguished light, and through there it entered ...

Come, today is a day of silence. Let's love each other and I will wash you little by little and if you follow me and meditate with me, doing what I tell you, in my love you will become whiter than snow ...

Jesus prays and says:

Drops of my Blood, come down on all my little souls who will come to Me and drink from this divine source. Wet them, purify them, free them and give them all my love, because covering them with the blood that I shed in the scourging, through the streets of Jerusalem and especially the wood of my cross, it will be how I will heal them deeply and bring them to the heavenly light, paying the price of your ransom.

Drops of my Blood, I do not want any of you to be lost and that even the last, the smallest of you, can be a source of forgiveness for the last soul, before dying. With all the Heart of a God in love with his creatures, little souls, so loved ...

And now listen to me, because it is to your heart that I wish to address myself and it is precisely to you, little soul, that I wish to speak.

Reminding my children that everything from Me was crucified ... I drop a drop of my Blood ...

(Start with a good confession and repeat it, possibly, every week during Lent until the end of Holy Week. Whoever cannot do it this way, must confess at least at the beginning of the Week and no later than Holy Thursday)

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ASH WEDNESDAY, Day 1.

Here I am, my little soul, I am Jesus, I want to accompany you and that's why I'm here, let's walk together until the evening ...

At each step during this day I would like you to tell me about the earth, yes, the earth, the one under your feet. Is there anything lower than earth? For you, is there anything lower than your feet? Well, if your little soul always stayed low, in a sense sitting on the ground, where it comes from, if you agreed to walk the path of humility, you would take your eccentric and rebellious ego, cultivated with the water and manure of the world and her prince, with his vanity, and you could bring him back down to where he should be for your sake. Then it would open like a humble and wonderful little field flower.

Therefore I want to help you, stop a moment ... On your head I drop a drop of my Blood and another on your feet, so that one, the first, joins the ash that you have received today and thus illuminates you, and you believe in my Gospel for your salvation; the other drop, so that your feet can be

washed from the dust of the infernal paths of pleasure and selfishness, pride and hardness of heart, stubbornness and your human will, which thinks it knows everything, but does not really know anything. A small drop of my Blood, so that you are wounded by love, penetrated by the cry of the brother who moans and calls, who implores you, and finally crucified like mine by the light of Hope, who will take you on the path of true Life. A drop of my Blood to bless you with the tender love of the Father from my Cross.

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 2.

I am Jesus, here I am and I want to be with you this day: come, let's be together until the night...

I would like you to try to cover the sun with the palm of your hand ... The sun is immense compared to you and yet you, my child, with your little open hand can from here, from the land where you are now, cover your eyes of its light with the single palm of a human hand, which is so small. Despite that, your hand manages to obscure the immense sunlight before your eyes. You see, my little soul, your hands can caress and comfort, obscure so much light or protect the weak light of a candle, they can take or give, or build or destroy, undo, hide or discover; they can be instruments of so much violence or of so much love. Well, here are your hands, show them to me, fear not: what have they done so far? What can you tell me? Are they smooth or rough? Have they caressed and loved or stolen and destroyed? Are they strong, determined, or uncertain? Have they known how to give or have they only known how to take?

I drop a drop of my Blood in your hands, I wish to purify them, do not take anything from this world and its prince, do not touch what is poisoned by its falsehood and perversion, do not open with your hands the house of "why": You will find no answers, only deceptions! Do not open the chests of false pleasure, that the prince of the world knows how to create so many different models, all pleasant and attractive: money, luxury, power, ambitions, greed, vanity and many others that just because they shine before your eyes, you you are delighted. Then in your hands they slowly turn to dark, smelly dust and leave you empty and alone, the years go by and you feel disappointed in a life that has passed too quickly. Little soul, do not be fooled so easily by everything you see colored with a false light, which is just a misleading reflection. Stay poor and you will find a happiness that you do not know, but that is very deep because it is mine, I AM the one who gives it to you!

I drop a drop of my Blood to wet your hands, your fingers, so that they are wounded with love, penetrated by the lament of the brother who suffers, who is hungry, who is cold, who extends his arms towards you ... Last that your hands are crucified like mine, by the light of Charity that will lead you along the path of true Faith. Believe me, little soul, and follow me along the path of the Cross, with your strong hands take your cross from each day and come, come after Me ...

Receive a drop of my Blood to bless you with tender love and to give your hands the strength of my Cross ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 3.

It is I, Jesus, I am here with you, let's talk together, stay with me until the night...

I have looked at you from the cross with love and attention and I have seen that you hide many times, that you do not want to be seen, my little soul, but you want to see everything and everyone in order to dominate. Yes, to feel like the Creator, but you are not. You think that you can control others how you want and that you can dominate, but trust me, you can't! Therefore, I want to heal your gaze, I want you to be able to see with simplicity and purity, I want love to take you far beyond the clothes you wear and according to how you see your brother dressed.

I drop a drop of my Blood on your eyes to wash them, to purify them, I let my Blood fall on your tired pupils, because it will be like divine eye drops that gives them a new light, the heavenly one, that of the angels who adore me. Now your tears descend silently and you can see the true horizon, between my love for you and your bleeding wounds, you can see the Cross as you have never been able to see it before, madness and love of God. From now on, whatever your heart feels will be true emotions purified from the eyes of the soul. I drop a drop of my Blood on your eyes to bless them, so that they are crucified for the world and for evil, and so they can see the love hidden in nails(made of iron) and wounds. They will see in the thorns of my painful crown the dream of a God who wishes you free from hatred, healed by love. Here is a drop of my Blood to bless you with the tenderness of a father who never takes his gaze from his little creature, always watching her from his Cross ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 4.

Another day together, it is always I, Jesus. Come, I want to tell you many things until the night...

I have passed by your side, my little soul, and I have seen you listening to what so many of your brothers were saying. I saw a subtle poison enter you, composed of falsehood, cruelty, hypocrisy, vanity and contempt. Yes, your ear perceived all that and your ears let in that subtle, penetrating, cutting evil, which later takes your heart away from everyone. You don't know anything about your brothers, you don't know their history or their pain. You must stop judging everything, you are not God. I am God, I am the only just judge and I did not come to judge, but to love and for the world to be saved. If you heard my word and what I have come to reveal to you, you would find ointment for your wounds and your heart would calm down.

To help you, I drop a drop of my Blood, to wet and purify your ears. Do not listen to the voice of the world and the voices corrupted by the enemy and by your brothers distracted by the confusion and infernal noise of the world. Direct your ear towards the light, guide it to harmony, my Blood is a wash of true humility. Listen to the voice of silence and there we will meet and continue talking with the voice of the heart, dialoguing, and I will make you hear an eternal melody.

I drop a drop of my Blood on you to bless your ears, so that you can hear the voices of the angels, their prayers, their praises, and also hear the voice of my Heart that speaks to you. I bless you with a drop of my Blood, enlightening you with the tender love of the Father, from my Cross ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 5.

Little soul, I am Jesus, let's stay here today, until evening.

You were little and I came to sing you a lullaby that my Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, used to sing to me, and you, little soul, listened to her and smiled and then fell asleep peacefully. I could hear you breathing slowly, without fear or anxiety. You were as I had dreamed and created you, as you had come out of my hands and my love, purified by my baptism. Now you are older, you have not preserved the purity of the white dress of your baptism, and unfortunately you breathe with anxiety, you are always in a hurry, you are afraid, you are lost, you feel confused and you breathe badly because you live badly; you have made of your breath a continuous anxiety, and of the anxiety you have made the guardian of your inner prison.

You know, little soul, hearing was the first of your senses, as in all human beings, and it will be the last to leave you before coming to Me. So how many things will you still want to hear, so that your heart can be comforted!

Come, I want to breathe slowly with you. I would like you, when you breathe, to perceive that the air is life that enters you as a gift. I drop a drop of my Blood in your breath. Breathe with me, let yourself be helped, do not fear; your worries and fears, your anxieties ask you to see the future, but that is not possible. So let me bathe your breath with my Blood, trust Me. For love of you I died and for love I returned and I will not leave you alone. Listen to your breathing with the same ear that will always follow you until the last moment of its earthly life and beyond. Breathe and listen, close your eyes, take a deep breath and listen to your breath, follow it, without rushing. Breathe life, it is a very precious gift, it comes from heaven. Little soul, breathe, breathe life and kiss her heart.

I AM Jesus and I drop another drop of my Blood to bless you and illuminate you with the strength and tenderness of my love. From my Cross I send you my breath, to give you strength and peace ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 6.

Little soul, let's be together again today, come with me, stay with me until the night ...

I have seen you cross the street and find a poor man sitting on the ground, right on the other side where you have passed. He smiled at you and you remained impassive and kept walking, totally indifferent, as if you had only seen the two cartons on which he was sitting. How many times have you ignored me in the same way! And yet, how many times have you been sad, have you cried and I have listened with tender patience to your thoughts when you spoke with me or with yourself, seeking comfort. But you want to dominate, you want to be comforted, but you don't have time to comfort. Little soul, you want to be understood and comforted, but you do not know or want to understand or comfort others. It costs you time, and time, especially yours, is money and worth too much. So being available and understanding is something that costs and demands. You must use your energy for other much more important things: your job, your interests, your investments, your line, your friends ...

I died on the Cross and my lips were split, all bruised and swollen, and they put a sponge soaked in vinegar over them: at that moment I thought of you and how rigid your lips would have been to not be capable of even a small smile, or perhaps the problem would have been your heart, which had not made it, because both would have been soaked with the vinegar of indifference. So I decided to do one thing for you, you know what? I would have dropped here, now, a drop of my Blood on your lips to soften them with love, with my love crucified for you, thus helping them to smile, and when your lips would have learned to truly smile, they would

have been able to make them happy to a poor man who only wanted a little attention to feel alive, even though he was dying on the cross.

I drop a drop of my Blood on your lips, which are not hurting or bleeding, but which know how to hurt and make others bleed, if they do not learn to smile sweetly. That is why I bless them and with them I bless you, with all the light and with my tender love, so that it gives you so much sweetness. Smile at me before you go.

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 7.

Seventh day, always dear to my Heart: come, let's rest together until night ...

You were walking down the street today and talking to yourself, or maybe you were talking or hoping to talk to me, but I was listening anyway, because I have created you and I love you. How many things have you said, words, words, so many words, questions, infinite whys and various answers that you have given yourself and that have not led you to many conclusions. Then you have spoken with others and I have to say that I have sadly listened to ruthless judgments, criticisms, convictions without appeal, falsehoods, backwards truths, so many vanities, series of small envious comments that ended in banal excuses, how much hypocrisy! If I have heard any truth and some praise, they were either absent-minded and casual or had some hypocritical purpose. What biting tongues! Perfect keys to enter hell! My tongue was dry, almost glued to the palate, so scorched by thirst and fever that talking caused me great pain, but out of pure love I asked the Father to forgive everyone and I was able to speak, moving that tongue in my mouth.

Little soul, I drop a drop of my Blood precisely on your tongue. I wish to purify it so that it may be a holy tongue, a tongue that knows how to move and say only beautiful things, that only knows how to bless in my holy name, that knows how to sing, give thanks and praise God. A tongue that prays with the simplest and truest words, that knows how to pronounce words full of wisdom and light, capable of encouraging, comforting, making the brother, even the most distant, feel loved and welcomed.

Yes, to be able to give you all that and for it to be so, I drop a drop of my Blood on you and on your tongue, because I love you and because I want to purify and bless you.

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 8.

My beloved creature, little soul, come to Me, let us be together until evening.

I have heard you speak with your brothers in my house, you said very beautiful things full of truth and passion and they all really liked listening to you; then I heard you pray aloud: beautiful words, wonderful prayers! You did it very well. Later I heard you talking to a friend of yours, how many fair and wise things did you say and advise him; then you talked to your daughter and you were sincere, fair and good. Then you telephoned your mother, greeted her, spoke to her with affection, helpful, full of kindness and attention. Very good, you have been very good. Finally, in your home calm with everyone, friendly, always available, a perfect example of a Christian person ...

But what happened next? You were silent with yourself, little soul, and all the thoughts of the day were there, inside you, like a huge weight, like a mask behind which you hid all the time, all day, while you had that sweet voice, affable, good and with so many beautiful words, of a good Christian ... But you are full of anger, of emptiness; you really need that faith that perhaps you no longer have, that faith that gives an authentic strength, a deep light to your voice, to your soul.

My little one, you are tired of saying with your mouth what your heart feels less and less, but you have to do it because everyone expects it. You need to find yourself: come to Me, remember Me, I am your Jesus and your God, I am your Creator. Come here, here, under my Cross. You have moved away from prayer, you no longer come to rest in Me and you do not listen to Me, you are only filled with words read in so many books. I don't need you to read me other people's prayers. I am the Master, without Me you cannot do anything, do not make me hear your beautiful voice that says and recites only what you read. I do not want that from you and therefore I drop a drop of my Blood in your voice to heal and illuminate it, so that it resonates with an eternal echo, so that it is a heavenly voice in an already dark world. I drop a drop of my Blood on your voice so that you can say: I speak of Jesus, I speak with Jesus, I am humbly his voice that resonates in me, so much so that in the end I can say with Him: *"everything is accomplished"*.

I drop a drop of my Blood on your voice. You are my little soul and I wish to bless you from the Cross with the tender love of a Father ... I am waiting for a little prayer all for Me!

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 9.

I did not want to be alone and I called you, let's be together today until the evening ...

You were standing before your bishop, still, little soul of one of my priests; You were petrified, I felt the fear of your heart and great anxiety, my consecrated young man: you know how much I love you and how precious your priesthood is to Me, divine gift! How many laws, statutes, codes and what little love! Little soul, then I saw you talking in your office with the manager, with your director; I have seen in your face the fatigue and in your mind the anger and you felt unfairly reprimanded, the same in a faculty and in a school. Later I saw you with the director of your bank, of your ministry, of your company, and with the professor. And then with so many others who have treated you with verbal violence, injustice, hypocrisy and deceit, and you, full of pain, anger and frustration, held back the tears of your soul, you told him to shut up. You swallowed a stone, then a fragment of incandescent lava, then another stone and so on ... How many hard, evil and fiery things have passed down your throat! How much human evil have you had to swallow and say nothing!

Now I make a drop of my Blood go down your throat to heal it, like a mild ointment, to heal and calm it. You know, my little one, I too was silent before so many insults and humiliations; offer me your pain.

But gluttony is a very different thing from the throat. It is one of the 7 capital vices, 7 monsters thirsty for your downfall and doom. You have heard many times about that particular vice, which enslaves so many of my poor children. The demon inoculates it as poison into your wounds and tortures you ... You little soul, listen to what I say! Don't think it's just a problem with eating or hunger or too much appetite. The sin of gluttony consists of a great emptiness that you have inside you, it is like a voracious mouth that draws everything towards it and crushes it in the depths of your poor soul. He chases her as if he wants to lure her into a black hole from which she has not emerged. That emptiness feels the need to be constantly filled and is never satisfied, and it always wants more, and the more it swallows, the more it wants. He is totally insatiable and leads to madness. It makes you get up at any time to go find what you want: whether it be alcohol, or drugs, or tobacco, or food, or false love, or

gambling, or money, or vanities, or luxury, or ideologies, or idols, or wealth, or power, or lust and in the end, which is the abandonment of everything, what he wants is that each one of my poor children becomes an obedient little dog and then makes him a deaf and mute slave.

Come to Me, little soul, you no longer find how to satisfy yourself and free yourself from that chain and that oppressor. Come to Me, approach my Cross, my Blood purifies. I will leave a drop of my Blood within you to protect you from that immense emptiness within your little soul. My Blood will fill you and you will never again feel so empty or so hungry.

The most unbearable pain for the human soul is the anguish caused by abandonment. Therefore, my little one, come to Me ... I drop a drop of my Blood on you, I wish to enlighten you, free you, purify you and bless you today more than ever, with all the tenderness of my Father's Heart, so that you no longer feel "Not loved" but "Daughter loved".

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 10.

I have been in the desert and faced temptations to help you; now we are together, I need to talk to you until evening

In your mother's womb I already knew you, I had given you life and I called you to Me, I had placed a beating heart in you and its beat marked your existence and you felt the echo of My heart. You have seen the light of the world then you wanted to know the soul and the heart, but many, too many times, you were not attentive, my little soul, you did not listen to me and your heart was transformed, it became black. Then it began to slowly

die and the dying part turned to stone: in the end it was just a poor and inanimate cold stone that was worth nothing. Four cents of human love had been enough, some drug, alcohol or other, the world's waste, and they had thrown you away, dirty and almost lifeless. I found you along the road that goes down from Jerusalem to Jericho, there, half dead, lying on the ground; they had beaten you until you were almost dead. I helped you, I took you with me, I healed you and I gave you a new heart, a heart of flesh. I poured an ointment of love on all your wounds and waited for them to be healed one by one. Now, my creature, do not kill yourself again, do not be found by the bandits again, stay in my tent.

I drop a drop of my Blood on your heart to strengthen it against the world, to make it courageous in love and full of hope. Live, live, heart, with my Blood from the Cross. Live, little soul, you are no longer alone, protect this heart of yours and make it beat together with Mine! I let another drop of my Blood fall on you to bless you with tender love in the beating of my Heart. I AM Jesus and from my Cross I protect you ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 11.

Let's stay together until the evening ...

Today I drop a drop of my Blood on your thin, tired soul, full of pains, full of bruises; you have cried too much, but now you will smile. I drop a drop of my Blood on another little soul full of hope and joy, strong, bright, to make her one of the simplest and poorest princesses. You too, soul full of love and mercy, to be strong against the assaults of the enemy and continue to offer me your heart and your profound prayer for your brothers

and for my Church, you must receive my Blood... And you, consecrated soul, even on you I drop a drop of my Blood, you who love me, who follow me or who feel far away and feel confused, or who through deception have lost my words and cannot find inside you anymore the true and only path... On you, soul that no longer listens to the voice of your children, because the white strands of your hair have brought you so much selfishness and your heart is closed in fear of abandonment, as if I had never loved you, I drop a drop of my Blood to give you the silence of peace, I am your shepherd now and always...

I drop a drop of my Blood also on another soul that is distant and does not believe, that is deaf and dumb, silent and full of doubts. Then there is still another that is full of itself and self-sufficient, proud and arrogant. Here is another one who comes, she is manipulative, smart, liar and unfaithful. Together with her there is another who is vain, eager for everything and wants to dominate everything and everyone. Then another, which is stained with the blood of Abel the just, drowned him killing the truth with him. Another still lazy, indolent, immobile, without light or life. Again, I see her violent and aggressive, angry and murderous, in the company of another dark one who lives in satanic plots; between spirits and lies she drags a soul withered by betrayal, orgies and luxury... and so on all other souls... How many lost daughters and how much pain they give me! They get lost, detach themselves from Me and fall forever into eternal darkness! A lost soul is forever!

I drop drops of my Blood to purify all these wounded souls of mine and to call them. From the top of my Cross I continue to pronounce your names.

Soul, my little one, take this drop of my Blood: it is all for you, it falls on you, it bathes you, and I tell you: rise from your darkness, rise to the hope that only my love can give you!

I give you a drop of my Blood all for you, my little soul: it strengthens you, enlightens you, blesses you and with my tender love of Creator and Father, from my Cross I bind you to Me with love plots in order not to lose you...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 12.

I'm always here: and you? I am your Jesus: do you want to stay with Me until evening?

Today I drop a drop of my Blood, but you must come under my Cross, come near here. Here, I make it fall with love on your vanity, it is a long time that I wanted to do it. Vanity enters your mind, your soul and loves to clothe your body. How poor is vanity! Little soul, did you think vanity was dressed like a big lady full of precious jewels and pearls, elegant and charming? No, not at all, she is very squalid, she is modest, seeming to be one of the poorest beggars, and this is because she hides very well behind false modesties and apparent humility; she wants to justify herself and be forgiven, she wants to excel, but to go through something else!

My Blood strips her completely, leaves her without strength. You don't need it. Soul, my little soul, I created you so beautiful, so luminous that all the colored rays of my sky dance around you like flowers of the purest crystal. Your wounds gave life to your vanity because you did not want to let yourself be healed by my love; this cunning voluptuous and deceptive lady deceives you and hurts you a lot. So I drop a drop of my Blood on her, and this droplet, if you want, can free you from this beggar of colored dust, which will disappear because it is empty. You don't need to turn yourself into a trick that hides who you are and you don't need to glory in appearances that are only toys of the world. You do not need false love, which glitters only because it flatters you, promising you an eternity that is not worth a moment. You need my love and what only it can give you.

I drop a drop of my Blood from the Cross on you to bless you and to make you simple, pure and beautiful, like my most tender love and like the flower I love most, a daisy: it has a white robe like purity, the yellow heart like the sun and the simple look like humility!

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 13.

Come here, please, under the Cross, and let's stay together and talk until this evening ...

On this day I wish to cure you of your hypocrisy and so, if you come below, very close to Me, I will drop a drop of my Blood on your hypocrisy, which knows how to crawl like a slimy snake, which glitters, shines, seems to smile, invents many words and turns reality into fiction, truth into a fake trick ...

She dresses up as a great lady and then she presents herself as the poorest and most miserable, she eats next to you, whispers many deceptive words, then she sells your food to your enemy. My little soul, I created you true and luminous, in my image and likeness. I AM the truth and that is why I drop a drop of my Blood from my Cross on your hypocrisy. It hurts you so much, it destroys your essence, dances around you and creates in your mind, as in your heart, false houses of cards. She devises subtle designs and makes you speak with duplicity of heart ... When she realizes her intent, you yourself become a slave, because she forces you to continue her game until she is discovered, and then the destruction is tremendous. I want to renew you, you do not need to show what you are

not and to speak in a language other than that of your heart, because this is what this evil lady is forcing you to do. You must be what I have made of you, I have made you love. Be sincere, show your heart and you will win the world together with Me ... I drop a drop of my Blood on you to bless you, so that you are true, and with tender love I, Jesus, give you my light, the true light of a passionate God for you.

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 14.

I call you from the Cross, I would like for you to come closer, let's stay together until this evening...

Why do you come around here and don't talk to me? Today I drop a drop of my Blood on your fear. Do you see this beautiful little girl next to you? Look how sweet and pretty she is, she seems calm and nice, harmless and innocent, you want to go for a walk with her or play with her: that's why she is the way she is, indeed, you always want to keep her close to you! She really looks pretty innocent, but she is not, she can drain all your strength and peace with that beautiful smile... Did you think fear was a dark monster? No, no, the enemy is never like that! It's not that foolish...

So I let a drop of my Blood fall on your fear, the deepest one, the one that sometimes rises to your throat, the one that squeezes your heart and seems to want to crush it, the one that takes your breath away and does not leave you the chance to see a way out. My Blood burns this fear of yours, if you trust Me it will never come back: it is a deception, it is a poison that your enemy has left in your heart. Beautiful soul, you have the strength of the Spirit which is my love. Do not be afraid, if you want you will have all

the light from my Cross. Pray in front of my Cross, fear wants to kill your faith, but hope comes to your aid and will take you up, up there, where the sun of my love will caress you. Fear was born in the bowels of Lucifer and he wants you to be afraid only for revenge; do not give up. Only to him I said: "Never again" and not to Adam! For this, his envy and hatred will never cease...

I drop a drop of my Blood on you, my little soul, to bless you with tender love and accompany you step by step...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 15.

Do not be afraid to approach Me, the Cross does not hurt. Come, stay close to Me until evening...

Why don't you look at me? Today you are silent, my little soul. Listen to me, I want to drop a drop of my Blood on your sadness today... Sadness comes from afar, it is not a feeling or an emotion. You may not know it, but it is a coin of revenge, yes, you got it right: of hard revenge. Your enemy was struck by the peremptory and divine order when he was banished from the Celestial Family. This order made him feel within himself what scratched and tore him in his beauty and terrified him in pain, arousing in him fury, hatred and deep anguish. He experienced a sense of abandonment, that he was the angel for eternity more intimately dejected and saturated with anguish, for having been estranged and broken for eternity by his Creator. This, little soul, you cannot understand, because it is an angelic and non-human reality, therefore enormously deeper and more painful. Because of all this, he reflects on your soul, through the wound of original sin, revenge for what he was deprived of by the Most

High. When he can, he tries to transmit it to you, the mirror of his infinite sadness, which becomes depression, and terrifies your soul with the dark and gloomy color of its existence.

This is why I let a drop of my Blood fall from my Cross on your sadness to wash it with love. Divine sadness is caused by the pain of love and by sin, therefore for not having loved, and it is holy; instead, satanic sadness is caused by hatred, frustrated pride and anger, and it only hurts so much! My Blood dresses sadness with love, and it can no longer harm you, it loses its strength, which is that of sucking the warmth of life and its flavor from your little soul. Be sad too, if your sadness comes from true love, but that sadness will lead you to be more holy because you will want to love more...

Here is a drop of my Blood on you to rejoice and bless you with tender love and with all celestial joy...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 16.

I saw you from the Cross, you were playing with dice, come here, please, close to Me and listen until evening ...

My little soul, why are you so discontent? Why do you complain and nothing ever suits you? Today I wish to drop a drop of my Blood on your controversy and your susceptibility. You can't see the good, the nothing, everything is negative, you criticize everything and every person, everyone is wrong and only you are right and you know everything! The last word must always be yours, you never know how to stay silent and listen to others, you get offended by everything and you always understand the

opposite, you have to take yourself very tactfully. If someone says something he should have said the exact opposite to please you, but if he had done it, you would have criticized him and he would have had to say one more thing. You are a soul constantly in pain, you cannot find peace, neither listening nor speaking! If you are given a compliment, you try to pretend modest; if you criticize yourself, give that humble smile, as if to say it's true and soon you will change, and you know you never will! You have no sincere and true half measures!

So I decided to drop a drop of my Blood from the Cross to cure you of yourself, to cancel everything that is opposed to you, to you, my little one. Look at the world for a moment with joy, do not weigh everything that is said to you or that you hear, free yourself from perfectionism, free yourself from too much zeal in doing things. Getting wrong is sometimes necessary to start over and do things with more love. You also know that you are wrong. You don't really know anything, like any of your brothers. You come from the earth and there is nothing simpler and lower. Do not seek perfection that does not exist in your life and in the life of your other brothers. Original sin, my little soul, has destroyed the perfection of the Creator and therefore you are called to simplicity: this is your path, your path, to reach Me. I would like you to rediscover the beauty, the goodness, the possibility and the lightness of life.

Blood renews you and washes you, makes you put two wings that carry you in a dream, my dream with you and for you, makes you become an innocent child, with eyes full of hope because out of love it regenerates you. So I let a drop of my Blood fall on you to bless you and give you the simplicity, the spontaneity of children and a pinch of their naivety, with tender love from my Cross...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 17.

You are on your way with Me, even if I am here on this Cross, but stay with Me here, until evening...

Where have you been today, my little soul? Why do you have that vague, annoyed expression, like that of someone who has exaggerated in doing something or feels guilty?

You know, little soul, I know that your curiosity is a great drama for you: this is why today I want to help you and I drop a drop of my Blood, right on this false friend of yours, who seems to keep you company with her fantasy, but how it corrodes you and how it distracts you! ... It was to be a gift of intelligence, alive, real, and it had to lead you to seek and desire to discover so many truths that I had hidden in everything I created: think about how many wonders I had placed here and there, in nature and in the sky around you, so that you, with your science elaborated through the gift of intelligence, could seek them, discover and love them, use them for you and for the life of your brothers. Recognize in all of them my presence and my hand as Father and Creator, and thus draw near to Me, but because of the pride, arrogance and greed you have, all this has led you to build your prison; you animated your own tyrant, your worst drug, your most insatiable thirst! My poor soul, where have you gone? What did you seek and find that you shouldn't have? Today your curiosity is clothed with poisons, with sin, with violence, with weapons, with hatred, with death, with a corrupt science, but I want to help you, I want you to come out of this tunnel of terror and pain, and so I drop a drop of my Blood from the Cross for you and on you, on your perfidious curiosity, so that it may remain blind, deaf and mute. I no longer want it to show you and take you along the path of sin which darkens your heart and makes it heavy and immobile, which darkens your mind and makes it blind to the truth. I want you to no longer make your mind the hand that seeks death instead of life, I want to wash you from this filth with my Blood: in a single drop you will find eternal purity, to clothe yourself with new life.

I let a drop of my Blood fall on you, so that your curiosity is only the small window to discover the beauty of the flowers that I have planted in the garden of my sky, so that you can contemplate them ... For this I bless you with the most tender love of my Heart.

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 18.

My little soul, come close to Me, listen to Me speak from the Cross, come here until evening ...

Today you remind me of Adam who was hiding: why do you avoid looking at me and do not open your heart with Me? What you have done today, what you read and talk about and listen to, what you have inside your home, pictures, books, newspapers, photos, people you meet, seminars you participate in, is pure poison; all this will take you as far as you do not imagine. He will introduce you to the paths of superstition, deception, divination and the occult, of falsehood; he will deceive and steal your peace, he will open the door of hell in your existence, making you believe he is opening the door of knowledge to you! You will walk in darkness and you will be told that evil is not so bad and that sometimes it can also be good, and that God is not God and that others can decide and change your life, and that man is god himself ... Remember that the prince of this world, he too, is light: this is why he is called Lucifer, but he is a cold, false light, it is the light that the darkest darkness reflect when they want to disguise themselves to deceive. Remember that all this is a dark and gloomy evil, it has been taught to men by the princes of hell, especially by Semyaza and Azazel, and man with his will and his freedom has given them the power to act in its history, and for this reason the mystery of

iniquity took its form and consistency, and claimed faith from men and also its altar. None of these realities, little soul, are really understandable to you, you cannot understand. You scrutinize, try to imagine, but you are forbidden to go further and therefore, believing that you are masters of mysteries that only deceive you but enslave you, you are only distracted from true salvation! It will be very difficult for you and for all the other souls to go back, if you walk this way; you could reach the very abode of Satan and he has no mercy, he knows no mercy, he is pure evil. Sorry for you, little soul, if you go that far ...

For this, for your insatiable curiosity and for your absolute ignorance, to stop you before death, I drop a drop of my Blood on this idolatry and superstition, on your search for the occult, on looking for what you must not and get away from Me, source of true Life. My Blood has the power to break any chains that the enemy has tightened around you, but only if you want to. Let yourself be saved, little soul, and brought to light, bathe with my Blood, purify yourself and seek nothing more, renounce everything, live! I drop my Blood on you, on your mind and on your heart to save you, to wash you. I breathe on you to give you strength, I bless you with a tender love and I light up your life with my Heart, but never go back, don't do it ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 19.

Why do you stay at a distance? Come closer, let's talk, let's stay together until the evening.

Every day you have to deal with your certainties and your truths! Yes, because they are very demanding; you think you know everything, yet you appeal to a justice that you have established or to an equity that too often forgets the other, his life, his history, whether he is happy or suffering, alone or abandoned. Every day you have to fight inside to secure the first place, and how you like to excel over everyone! Highlight your ideas and opinions and then make them absolute truths! Because what you believe in and what you deny and condemn, must be accepted by everyone or at least absolutely respected, as you and your ego have conquered a comfortable pedestal from which you absolutely do not want to get off. Sometimes you are also so lazy that, wanting to be right at all costs and trying to prevail over everyone, when you have reached your goal it is so demanding to keep everything, that you disappear so as not to have to do it ... You want the first prize, but you don't want to do anything to win it, the others have to do it by giving up their posts, to make room only for you who are the best and most qualified! You are a blend of personal justice, your truths and discrimination as well as criticism, with a taste of discreet pride seasoned with good laziness!

My little soul, come here, close to Me, come: I drop a drop of my Blood on all your certainties, opinions and personal truths, the fruit of your judgments devoid of mercy and therefore of true justice, and on this laziness which, not wanting to do, he wants others to do! I really want to wash your mind and your heart and give you only bright ideas full of tolerance and acceptance, instead of so many certainties and false truths without any appeal. All this is full of keys that only know how to close many doors, destroy many small bridges that bring them to Me, to the safe path to reach hearts, dreams not only yours, but also those of others you think you know, but it is not true! ... If you know how to dream with Me, your dream will come true and I will teach you to know how to open your hands and your heart, and to know how to build your life and to give, help, listen and comfort. Always knowing that the other is more important, because if I, who am the Lord your God and God of all men, and there is no other than

Me, have ascended a Cross for your love and of your brothers, it is because for Me your salvation was more important than my life and my suffering! Even if it had been only for you, only for you, I would have died on the Cross to save you!

For this I drop a drop of my Blood, to make you simple and teach you the way of listening and silence and how to value the other, I bless you with the tender love of a Father, leaving you my peace and a drop of my eternal silence. ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 20.

You have been here for some time, but you are tired, my little soul, and there is so much aridity in you; come close to my Cross and we will be together until evening ...

How many times does your tiredness come from your doubts and scruples? So much responsibility and so much loneliness! You do not know how to respond to truth, justice, fidelity and need, you do not find the way out between desire and peace, between dream and reality, and between the suffering and happiness of the other who lives next to you or that you see far and unreachable. You dig a pit inside your soul and then cover yourself not even with earth, but with infinite “why’s”, which have no answer and become like many inflated balloons, which are light, but when you have a huge number of them above you, they take away the air and you can suffocate! Scruples ... Know that they are stumbling blocks just to make you stop and roll back and forth in the mud of uncertainty, so that stillness takes you into account and you remain apathetic!

You see, little soul, whenever you ask yourself why, or submit your poor mind to the strangest and most twisted questions, you put your Mr. "EGO" at the center of this question and answer battle. If you asked yourself, instead, "for what purpose", "for what" is all this happening to me or what I wanted and was waiting for did not happen to me, then you would understand that you are no longer the undisputed center of events, but it is my will. If instead of letting your already tired mind fill with "if" and "but", you listened to my word, true light to your soul, you would understand better that my Divine Will guides you and chooses for you what is your true good, which only I know because I created you. Believe it or not, it is so ... How your doubts corrode you! And how your scruples confuse you! I didn't put this sea of perplexity in your heart! This is the consequence of your wounds which very often bleed; that's why I'm here with you, to help you. My little soul, leave, abandon your "why's" and all your scruples about so many strange sudden questions that torment your mind. All this has been poured out, forcibly instilled within you by your enemy, so that you continue to go round and round inside yourself in search of their solution without ever finding it. It's like a hellish carousel that you think is funny, but it distracts you and when you don't notice it, it throws you into darkness and annihilates you ...

I drop a drop of my Blood to teach you that you must trust Me deeply. I AM your only friend and your only path, if you take a rose there is not a single petal equal to another, there is not a single blade of grass equal to another in a meadow, just as there is no 'is one human being equal to another', but I have come so that you may all be saints, may you be those who love and those who are loved, even if all different, here is the greatest certainty! I drop a drop of my Blood to wash away your "why's", and teach you to put my Will at the center of your life and not yours and give you love, give you Myself, so that you can love and feel loved. So I bless you with eternal tenderness of Father and Creator, I immerse you in my Divine Will and I give you my peace and the light of the certainty of the deepest divine love, I wish to teach you a little word from heaven, as when you were a child: *FIAT!!!*

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 21.

Today is a day full of light: come closer, I would like to see you well, let's stay together until evening

On such a day I want to teach you how to hug and smile. Yes, you think you know how to do it, but you don't! A hug must be able to gently squeeze the soul of the other with warmth and special love. Sometimes a hug can transmit the warmth of your heart and even your tenderness. Other times a hug can transmit your strength or forgiveness, but you have to desire it intensely, otherwise it might seem mechanical and maybe even a little uncomfortable, and perhaps even detached and cold, which can seem false and hypocritical! How many times do you really smile? How many times does your smile light up your eyes and your face expresses real joy? How many times do you smile because you know how to be happy with those who are happy? And how many times is your smile forced, and inside, you are raging with envy for the joy and happiness of the other? Only you can answer for yourself, little soul, so I drop a drop of my Blood that you may learn how to embrace the other, so that your embrace makes them feel loved, give them peace, joy, forgiveness, strength, friendship and tenderness. I let a drop of my Blood fall on your face, so that it can light up your true and spontaneous smile, so that it will always be a source of joy and light for you and for those who receive it. Never forget that if you truly want to embrace as I do, you must learn to embrace the sins of the other and love them as they are, protecting them with your forgiveness. I drop a drop of my Blood so that your smile may be a hug to the poor who are looking for someone to share a greeting with. Don't be afraid to get close to them, even if they are dirty; my Francis embraced lepers, but he didn't get sick of leprosy! Could it be that leprosy is hidden in your incapacities?

Nowadays you don't hug each other for fear of a virus infection, but when this doesn't happen because of quiet indifference, what kind of virus is that?

Love, little soul, and feel loved, embrace and smile, the sky will be a thousand colors around you! I bless you now with my joy, my Heart embraces you and with my tender love I accompany you throughout your life, especially in the saddest and on the most joyful moments...

When you are sad, look around you, you will find the smile you seek, it is mine for you!

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 22.

You arrived later today, little soul; I thought you did not come and did not want to be with Me, stay until evening ...

I know how far you have come, and I know how many shortcuts you have wanted to take by thinking of arriving first and thus proving that you are smarter than the others, my little soul. But you did all this for one reason only, because there is a lot of pride and self-sufficiency in you, and therefore you wanted to show everyone that you were the smartest and best. You went where you didn't have to, you have conquered and obtained, and sometimes lost so many things, just so many innumerable things that pass, that flee, ephemeral pleasures that dissolve, but have left darkness in you. You do not dominate anything or anyone, you are not the Creator, nothing is in your power, even if you think that money is your power and can buy everything because you always say: "everything has its price". Remember that now, in this instant, I could take your life! And what

would become of all your great power built like a sand castle? Other times you have said that everyone has a cost, just know it; unfortunately it is true that many of your brothers are corrupt, but a lot of water passes from here to dominate! If you really went back down to the level of the earth, because that's where you come from, you would understand it, but instead you want to dominate others, you want to dominate everything and everyone, you want to possess and you say and believe that you can be enough for yourself. Your pride, little soul, tells you that you do not have to worry about your wrong doing, since others are also bad and therefore they deserve what you have done to them. Do not try to impose your will, do not want things your way, you are not the Law, do not believe that you have incurable defects or, as you often say, "manufacturing defects" for which everyone must accept you as you are. Do not think that your tiredness, your problem, your worries and your pain are the greatest in the world, you are not the center of humanity, nor of the earth, much less of the universe, and your right is no more correct than that of others.

So, as a daughter, come, come here close to Me, little soul: I drop a drop of my Blood on your pride, on your spiritual peacock feathers, on your self-sufficiency. I wish to cure you and free you from so much wrongdoing that oppresses your heart. I drop a drop of my Blood on your pride that hurts only you, little soul, you who feed on it, it closes your life, it does not allow you to breathe and you believe you are winning and being strong, but it is not so and you do just one thing: remain alone. Then this drop of my Blood will fall on your open wound and thus it will be healed with love, and you will learn to go down to the ground, rather to sit on the ground and start from there the path of humility again, and you too will know how to truly love, that is, to give yourself to others as if you were good bread. Learn from Me and what I have done. I drop a drop of my Blood to bless you, console you, heal you with the tender love of a Father.

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 23.

Little soul, here you are, come, approach the Cross, we can be together until evening ...

I want to play a little game with you, close your eyes and tell me: if you saw a man walking down a country road with a half broken bag on his shoulders, with a hat on his head and a handkerchief tied over it, poorly dressed, quite dirty, with half-broken shoes, slightly hunched shoulders and a tired and heavy step, what would you think of him? I want to ask you because I know what is in your mind and I would like to help you; you have no light and this hurts you a lot. So let me tell you, you would say: surely he was another poor fellow who knew where he came from, that no doubt he was another abusive beggar who would have created problems in the village because he would have started drinking, would have created confusion, like other homeless, he would have slept on the street on top of some dirty cartons. He would undoubtedly have stolen something inside some shop, and for this reason you would have felt compelled to warn others immediately, because another one of those bums who only creates problems was coming! You would have said that you do not understand why the municipality and the mayor have never taken serious measures, that you think they should put them all in jail or hospitalize them somewhere, because they are all mentally ill; thus they would finish dirtying the streets, invading the squares and disturbing the good people and forcing them to give alms. Is it true or not that you would have said this? I know it's true, but I want to know. You are the same person who comes to visit Me at church on Sundays and sits at the last pew, why? I AM God and not a man, maybe you are ashamed? Or do you do it because you don't want to see me up close? You live by appearance and judge what you don't see and don't know. I AM truth and I don't judge anyone, but I love. That man, your brother, was a farmer from another town not far away and had decided to go to the house of a friend of his who lives nearby. Then this friend of his would take him back to his house in the car. In reality, he was returning from the fields, where he had worked almost all day under the sun, he was tired and hot, certainly dirty with earth, that's all! His clothes and his shoes were those of his work, they certainly could not be elegant and clean. Why is your heart, fueled so much by your fear of the other, so hard and ruthless? Why do you judge with your mania to believe only in

what you see without observing, without knowing, without understanding and without loving? But woe to anyone doing this to you!

I drop a drop of my Blood on that purity which should be alive within you, but which is dead, suffocated by the appearance of a good that is not good, but is only fear of losing what little you have, which are things, only things, ideas, many ideas ... Do not hide behind a false education and a mediocre respect, your seeing evil and danger where it does not exist, is only inside of you! May My Blood give you back your purity, that of the heart, a purity that frees your thoughts and gives you a completely new light, that will light up the eyes of your soul and finally you will see the good grow in the fields of humanity, especially the most poor! A drop of my Blood to save you from your ruthless, harsh judgments that have absolutely no pity on anything or anyone. Don't look, just listen to my word.

I bless you with joyful love, because I know you and I do not judge you, let yourself be loved and open yourself to life. When you meet a brother do not look at his clothes or his shoes, look at his eyes and his smile, listen to his words, because what is in his heart is revealed by his words and so you will understand many things. Be pure and always think of the good and the true light that comes only from my Heart. I bless you with tender love from my Cross, the only source of good ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 24.

I am here for you, I was waiting for you; we can stay together until evening ...

Once you were in your office or the place where you work; I heard some of your friends speaking, they spoke very badly of my Mother. They were distant, cold children, and what they said pained me deeply, they had never experienced the warmth of faith. They spoke badly of my Church, of my consecrated ones. Then they began to offend the poor and those who suffer, accusing them of mental and emotional plagiarism on others, on those who live well, saying that the poor and beggars force others to have pity on them and to feel guilty for having a good job and a good life, and they laughed, they had fun! Then they ended up talking about obscenities, with strange jokes, stories of truly worldly taste and flavor, they spoke of betrayals, marital infidelities, fornications, as if everything were not only funny, but lawful and permitted by a law of psychophysical well-being. My pain and sadness were great, but their tongues were foolish and covered with hellish mud.

But what really pierced my Heart like a nail was to witness the truly bitter spectacle of your shame! Yes, your shame, dressed in black and gagged, perfectly silent, very polite, so much so that you never interrupted the conversation. Yet, you are my little soul, you know me, you always come to Me, I see you praying on your knees in front of my tabernacle, you attend Holy Mass, you have also been a catechist for children, you have prepared them to receive me in the Holy Eucharist! They were four friends of yours, more colleagues than friends, and you left me alone ... You reminded me of one of the 4 soldiers who had gathered under my cross to play dice and gamble my clothes and my tunic. Where were you? Why did four poor foolish men were enough to take away the courage to love me? Why have you been silent? Yet, you listened to everything and you did not say a single word, you only showed your shame to be under the Cross, but why shame? Shame or fear? You are afraid of feeling rejected, of being laughed at, of being called a bigot, afraid of not being considered modern, smart, fashionable, someone who is with it, but a person who still believes in the fairy tales of the Church, in these things of the Middle Ages? My soul,

little soul, shame paralyzes your heart, what pain! Is this what remains of my Cross for you?

I drop a drop of my Blood on your poor shame, miserable ragged red-face beggar who is a laughing stock. Hopefully you could find the courage to be a witness! One day we asked who would go on Our behalf and our prophet replied that he would go for Us: behold, with the same hope I drop a drop of my Blood on you, so that you can go and proclaim the truth, I AM the Truth, and so that you may defend my word with courage and strip yourself of your shame, I dress you with my humility, whose strength is as powerful as love. I drop a drop of my Blood to bless you and erase your shame with my tender and deepest love, I grant you the courage of the Holy Cross ... Don't gamble my clothes anymore, keep my tunic, it's a gift for you!

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 25.

Why are you looking the other way today? I know you're not well, come on, let's talk until evening.

You remind me of Cain, who pretended nothing happened while I asked him where his brother was. Why don't you show me your sins? What are you afraid of? I have not been troubled by demoniacs, murderers, lepers, dead or condemned of any kind. Do you think it is sin that offends me? Well then, listen to me: sin offends Me when you don't recognize it, when you flee from Me and hide yourself, when you deny what you have done, and lying before my Justice, you look for excuses and do not have the humility to ask for forgiveness... That is what offends me, because it

makes my Cross useless! Do you think you are greater than the Mercy of my Heart, the Heart of God, your God? Do you know what true holiness is, the holiness that I give and I wish to give to you and to all souls? It is the strength of a humble life spent fighting against sin without ever giving in to the pride of having loved too much.

I know, my little soul, you must face this deep pain of yours and the path of your holiness is worth it! You have a thorn that hurts a lot and makes you bleed, and you cannot remove it; the more you touch it, the deeper it penetrates, and if you get too agitated, not only can you not take it off, but you run the risk of being lost inside you forever. This thorn is like a thick woman, who continuously feeds, eats and eats always, never stops, because she never stops tormenting you and feeds on your frustrations. The more it torments you, the more painful thoughts and emotions it feeds your heart. So, you keep wondering why, but you have no answers as always. There are deep wounds within you that you don't even know or imagine; they are privations, old pains that generated rejection and anger. This feeling is so deep and violent that it has created a monster with so many tentacles that it is called envy! This thick woman is capable of chaining you to a thousand desires, knowing that to do them you would have to suffer much and, even if you did, you would never quench her thirst, which makes her yours as well.

Come here, little soul, I drop a drop of my Blood to heal you and to heal your wound and pull out that thorn. It is a wound of love that you have, a love that you have not received, it is a wound in your soul, they have taken your love from you, they have not valued you and they have not helped you grow. For too long you have dreamed of the love of others and you have desired it deeply, unable to feel mine. You spent so many nights crying and wishing what others had, and you were only allowed to dream about it! Child, little soul, so many rejections, so many broken desires, you felt that nobody loved you, there was no room for you, you were unwanted! But now My Blood wants to wash and purify you. Reassure yourself, little soul, because envy has corroded you: that grip that your heart feels when another has what you want, or receives what you dreamed of, or can do or go where you hoped, is the sting of the grim envy that wants to steal your peace ... Stop and know that you don't need it, you only need love!

Envy marries the desire to possess and vanity. Take off all that and dress yourself with Me. If you embrace the simplicity of the Cross, you will find the way to peace again. You can walk this path only with Me ... If you join with envy, if you become its accomplice and its victim and give it space, it will destroy you, there will come a time where you will want to suppress yourself because it will no longer like you and you will have no escape. It may have felt good to wish in your heart to do great harm to whom you envy, you may have come to wish and make use of what is forbidden to you, you have searched in the dark for the most ignoble ways to strike, damage, harm, if not destroy in some way whoever dared to have or be what you wanted. Then, as a slave to darkness and its master, you could not bear the idea that, while getting everything you wanted, if someone else obtained the same thing or the same reality, your envy would have continued to relentlessly pursue them, causing them all harm possible! You are like a poisonous viper, or worse still, I have created a small yellow frog - they call it "golden poison frog" -, tiny one, it looks pretty, you would want to catch it... there is no more poisonous and dangerous animal on earth, absolutely treacherous and deadly, like you and your envy! She is like that, to defend herself from true aggressors, not you!

But now, this drop of My Blood can free you from the desires that do not belong to you and from the furious and treacherous anger and its sting of pain. I would like to give peace to your heart and peace to your soul, I want to bless you with the tender love of the Father. I wish to free you from all attachment to evil and from all its deceptions and desires; you will no longer be a victim of it, if you open yourself to the poverty of my Cross ... How I want to hug you and cradle you on my knees so that you can dream of me ...

Dress yourself with my Cross, it will burn the voluptuous dresses of envy and that unbridled and ignoble vanity that are dragging you down. A drop of my Blood, all for you. I bless you and enlighten you, stay in my grace and live there ... Sanctify yourself by renouncing to all for love of me!

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 26.

The sky is full of clouds, come next to the Cross, I would like to listen to you until nightfall.

I have noticed for a long time that you are very good at taking things from others, such as time, friendship, loyalty, help, love and other things, but you do not know how to give anything to anyone or maybe you don't want to. You take, use and discard what no longer serves you, or you no longer like ... Ah, you know how to do it well and many fall for your good stories, you know how to manipulate those who approach you, you have an art in particular, you know how to fool everyone and laugh behind their backs. You are not only selfish, you are much more, you never give yourself, you only think of protecting yourself, of accumulating things, goods, pleasures, applause, compliments, approvals, money, as well as power, illusions, vanity, everything that gives you true or apparent well-being, and you don't share it with anyone else; You only use others for your pleasure and satisfaction, as if everything and everyone were toys. You are so poor and miserable, because you are so rich that you do not know how to give of yourself, since nothing comes out of you, as if you were a spring without water or a dry tree, good only for burning. Everything is dry and closed in your stockpile, in the vault of your heart and soul.

Poor little soul, you are greed in person, you are so bent on yourself that you do not even see the color of the sky! You don't know how to enjoy anything, because greed eats your bread and then spits it out to keep it from others taking it! If you have time to do something, maybe some good to someone, you are so greedy that you charge with interest a drop of your time, in fact you have invented that horrible phrase, "time is money." You

spend hours and hours thinking how you can increase what you have, only to later cherish the idea of having ... Who is hurt by your greed? You, you are its first victim. You don't go out with friends because you don't feel like spending your money, or if you go out with them you're always looking for an excuse to have them pay for everything ... You can't have fun because you're distraught over the price and you always think you're spending money that you will not have later. You are not able to give anyone a gift, not even to yourself, because you cannot part with that money, and everything costs too much!

If you have to buy something, you go from one store to another, expecting to find the same thing at a lower price, but not because you are poor and cannot spend - if that were the case, you would be justified -, but only to keep your money, so that it remains with you. If someone asks you for help and really needs it, like your mother, you immediately find an excuse or something to justify yourself, even if it was only your time or your love ... Do you remember that time your father was hospitalized with a suspected heart attack? Your mother asked you to spend the night with him and there was only a small chair to sit next to your father ... You felt so distressed, little soul, at the thought of sacrificing yourself for one night in that chair and not being able to sleep comfortably in your bed, that suddenly you came down with a fever, so you couldn't stay.

It wasn't just selfishness, it was a deep greed in your heart, giving nothing and always keeping for yourself. So selfishness becomes your favorite child. If you could see and remember where you came from and where you are going! Do you think you are going to enjoy all that you have accumulated or that which you don't want to spend or give away? Poor soul, what you have reduced yourself to! You have become impoverished, aged in the arid desert of "mine"!

I, Jesus, want to help you and teach you how to enjoy poverty; I drop a drop of my Blood on your closed scar, to reopen it and make all the evil come out, the pain that has made you become an inanimate piece of wood, a silent stone. I want to heal you, because your greed is the fear of being alone with yourself, without love, or light, or peace. That is why you use everything and everyone, to fill the voids, the thousand unbreakable voids you have within you, that look and say "no".

I drop a drop of my Blood, so that you feel loved and so you too can love, and by loving you can live a new love: of poverty, but with me, next to Me. A drop of my Blood to bless you with tenderness and with my Heart, full of holy poverty! Wait, I add one more drop to purify your dreams and no longer say "mine" and "me", but say "yours" and "you", and then say "ours" and "us". Droplets, droplets ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 27.

It has been so many centuries that I am still on the Cross, now stay here with me until the evening ...

Many human beings believe that hatred is the opposite of love, but it is not so: hatred is an ancient poison, man does not know pure hatred, as it does not know pure evil, only Lucifer knows all that because he is the author. Man knows a hatred that is the fruit of pain, fury and anger frustrated and united together. When your soul is touched by the plague of anger, first it leaves a slight reddish stain, yes, that's right, it starts to hurt just a little, even if it is very little, it irritates it and starts slowly, starting from a distance and accumulating; it is not true that it explodes suddenly, the process is slow. At first, that process is formed in you with very small signals: an excessively spoken word by someone, a strange image, a thought, a strange memory, something that someone tells you that hurts, something that you hear that transforms in you because you don't understand it well, a look from someone that annoys you and everything transforms you ... Your deepest ego, something in you that resembles the instinct of a ferocious animal that has been injured and feels the primary need to defend itself by attacking, acting suddenly. That instinct takes over

your emotions and drags you violently where you don't want to go, but you go obediently, and then that same brute force puts shame and guilt on you for what you said and did. What has happened, my little soul? What has happened to you? You are embarrassed! There is a deep wound in you, they have made you feel helpless when you were fragile and alone, hurt and without escape, and no one has loved and protected you. So you have not been able to learn to love, but you have had to learn to protect yourself as best you can, to defend yourself from everyone, thinking that each person is a possible enemy to destroy. In fact, over time you have been attacked by life and have become quite capable of biting and even tearing. Useless but necessary excesses for your survival ...

I want to help you and that is why, little soul, I drop a drop of my Blood on that deep wound of yours. Now you no longer have to feel abandoned; You have no need to defend yourself, now let yourself heal, release, I want to calm your heart ... Every day you will have to take a small step towards trust in the other. If I am with you and you trust Me, little by little you will learn that there is no need to bite, that it is enough to talk, dialogue, and when there are misunderstandings, it is necessary to pray and listen with patience and humility. The true strength, little soul, is in love, and if your brother attacks you and offends you and is violent, go up to the cross and remain silent, your love will stop him and heal him ... Give me that wound of yours, put it on here in my Heart pierced by the spear, do not defend yourself anymore. I protect you; love and you will feel loved. Here is a drop of my Blood to bless you with such tenderness, to grant you the sweet and peaceful calm of the Cross that will accompany you in your most difficult struggles.

Peace to you and your heart. My Blood covers you, let yourself be protected ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 28.

I was here thinking of you, you came, let's stay together until the night...

The first thing I said, I ordered the light to shine and it did. Then I separated the light from the darkness and it was a very good thing. In my Creation everything was done with balance and precision, thus time and space and all life, until reaching my beloved and desired creature. I never did, nor said anything by halves: either I called into existence or I did not create it at all; nothing was imperfect.

How long have I seen you wandering uncertain, little soul, here and there, without knowing where to go. I did not create you like that, you are not happy but you do not cry, you are not sad or anguished but you do not smile either. Any reality or emotion, affection or problem, pain or suffering passes you by and runs off your skin, like soap and water. You do not get angry, but you are never calm or serene, you behave normally, you look at the world and you live between ignoring it and forgetting it. Sometimes you realize and also notice that around you there are so many people who live, talk, think, are happy, or are sad and anguished. You hear something, but you remain impassive. You say that you are calm and that you do not hurt anyone, but I tell you that you are dead and you do not even know it, you do not notice it because you are too lazy ... My little soul, you are a warm and lazy soul, you are not even hot nor cold, you live floating in your own life, looking lazily up or distractedly at the lives of others and all the reality of the world.

I want to help you, I drop a drop of my Blood on your tepidity. You don't hurt anyone, but you don't let love hurt you either. You don't know how to give anything because you have nothing to give, the desert is richer than you; you are a tree full of leaves, but without fruit: it seems beautiful, but it gives absolutely nothing of itself. All appearance, something that decorates but does not perfume! Once I found one exactly like this, it was just a tree full of big leaves, but it wasn't able to give me anything, it didn't have a single fruit and I was hungry. I did not dry it because of that, but because I wanted to teach mine that love and faith do not have favorable seasons: you must always be ready to perform miracles. Do not be like him, you are

much more than a tree without fruit, you are a soul that came out of Me, and to save you I have died on the Cross. If I am hungry for love and souls, I cannot wait for your auspicious season, my soul, you must be ready to feed me with works of mercy and true love, to bring souls to me so that they are not lost and do not die forever. That is why I have called you to Me, I have saved and loved you. I have died on the Cross not so that you can do the best you can, but so that you can and know how to perform miracles. Can I accept you lukewarm and lazily resigned not to be black or white, hot or cold? ...

I wish to help you, my little soul: I drop a drop of my Blood from the Cross itself, so that you can awaken from your spiritual slumber. You are drunk with mediocrity ... I want to make you wake up and embrace love, infect yourself with it and with joy, fall ill with love, but then heal you from your death, the one that you carry inside as protection, but that is only a hell without flames that you live every day. An unhealthy crust that protects you from emotions because you are afraid of them, you do not know how to manage them within yourself, you do not know how to expose yourself and you fear pain. Let yourself be liberated, be reborn, open your heart and your soul to the light of the Love that wants to love and be loved in you. If you will suffer, patience; loving it is impossible not to suffer, loving it is impossible not to get dirty with the mud of suffering and life, with your sins and those of your brother. I went up to Calvary and fell so many times, I got everything dirty, in addition to the lashes and other things, but it is the path of the one who loves, and in the end they nailed me and I died ... If you think to escape from suffering and pain with your mediocrity, your half measures and the average temperatures of your heart, you are very wrong; you will suffer anyway, but you will find no comfort in your suffering. I have risen and I have conquered for love of you!

So come with me, I drop a drop of my Blood, little soul, to bless you with such tenderness from this Cross where I am and from which I would like to see you be holy, even more, I would like to see you perform the greatest miracle: that of true love, strong, alive and given to all. Turn on, little soul, turn red like the fire of my Heart, like a drop of my Blood, like a kiss for you ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 29.

It is beautiful to be with you, my little soul; come, come closer, stay here until the night ...

The rich man in my parable became a slave to his own barns and warehouses full of his crops, and the poor people were left staring, naked, homeless, sick, alone, and rejected. I don't want you to die and die forever, I want you to convert and live. Remember that I am Life, and yours is in my hands! Well, I want to talk to you about that, listen to me well ... Poor Lazarus in my parable was at the door of the rich man's house, who celebrated every day and did not care about the one who was wounded and hungry and was always there, on the ground, alone, in the company of dogs. When Lazarus died, he went to Abraham's bosom, to heaven, and the rich man, on the other hand, went to the abode of the dead, to a sad and dark place, and he complained and suffered asking for help. Abraham told him that he could not receive help and that Lazarus had his pains and sufferings in life and now enjoyed his happy eternity, while the rich man, who had ignored mercy, now suffered his pains. When he asked him to send an angel or Lazarus himself to warn his brothers still alive, so that they would change their lives and be charitable, so as not to end up like him, in that horrible place, Abraham told him that they had the Law of Moses and all the wise words of the prophets; that if they did not listen and obey them, they would not have believed either a spirit or a resurrected dead ...

Now, my little soul, come, come close to Me and listen to Me well. That rich man had not been condemned because he feasted every day or

because he was rich, but because he completely ignored poor Lazarus' hunger and his wounds, did not help him or take care of him; and yet he had it there, at the door of his house. Hardness of heart and lack of charity are two terrible realities of the soul. How many times do you have before your eyes brothers in need of so many things, love, friendship, sweetness, a word, a piece of advice or a little human warmth. Many are in need of food, clothing, to be welcomed into the house and so on, and you simply ignore them, you do not see them, you do not hear them, you do not hear the cry of their souls, because you are distracted with yourself. You do not have or have lost that spark of life that makes you be merciful and makes you hear that weak, muffled call, that tired, sometimes hoarse voice, which is that of the pain in the heart of a brother. And you live, you go, you walk, you do so many things, you get tired, you run ... Then one day you go to the doctor, like so many other times ... You have had the last ultrasound of the urinary tract and there is a spot, a lump, maybe an X-ray error, maybe a fat nodule or maybe ... You do an exam and find out you have a tumor! In a few days your life is totally upside down, suddenly you are afraid, everything seems in danger, you are terrified of having to face pain, change, transformation, hospitalization, perhaps death ... And your life? Your family, your job? Your career and all your things? ... And your children? They are still small, they need you, you cannot die now, it is too soon, you have to get over it, you have to survive! So you fight, you face terrible cures, you suffer, but you have me far away because you have to achieve it by yourself ... If I really existed and I loved you, why would I have sent cancer to you now? To you, who are a good person and have never hurt anyone? Yes ... you have some peccadillo, but nothing to punish like that!

And when you are already tired and your struggle is no longer enough, you remember Me and perhaps you try to pray; Not bad! You do not trust Me, you think of me as an enemy, you are afraid of dying, you feel that everything is ending and when you pray it seems to you that you are speaking to the wind. Then I speak to you and tell you that I am Jesus and that your life is in my hands, that I am not a tyrant, I have died; that you are walking your path, the path of conversion; that I want you to live and become true love.

I give you a drop of my Blood now, on you, on your illness and on the fear you have of it, to bless you with all my love, with tenderness, but remember that nothing can really kill you if you don't want to. The death of the body is not death, that of the soul is. You were born of Me to never die again, but you will be happy only if you accept true love. I give you life, the one for which you are now desperate at the idea of losing it, so that you can witness my love for you. I bless you from my Cross as the heavenly physician of souls. Be merciful and always love! A drop of my Blood on the first day of the rest of your life. Love, love, love always and you will always have me close to you.

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 30.

I was nostalgic for you, my little soul, let's be together and talk until the evening ...

We have talked about so many things together, but today I thought that there is a kind of chest in which you are also hiding many things: your thoughts, desires, actions and unfortunately also so many sins that make you so bad and cause me so much pain. Fantasy is a beautiful ability, but if it has the wings of malice, it takes you into the deepest darkness. I have created man and woman to meet and love each other in the truth and thus with me they could generate life and love it, protect it and make it grow, but for too long all that has been desecrated by the malice of man and the world, and you too have given in to the vicious cycle of lust. He is a perfidious demon, dressed in pleasure that deceives the senses and leads to the most vicious slavery; getting rid of it is very painful. Lust is a hellish spirit; her name is Azazel or also Azkeel, and among men she is represented as a wrinkled, slim and stooped old woman, she is horrible,

certainly not a beautiful and fascinating woman as everyone would think! That is because the essence of it is ancient like the world and much more, and its origin is from the fallen angels. She slowly reduces the human soul to her image, sucks true love, fidelity, integrity, harmony and peace out of it. Finally, she has a husband who is adultery, instrument and art of Asmodeus, destroyer of families and marriages; together they have some children who have several names and indicate several faces of a horrible sin that drags you, mistreats you, sucks your life and then throws you away like a dirty rag that no one wants anymore: impure acts, fornication, pornography and many others, I know you know them all ...

I want to help you, little soul, and for that I drop a drop of my Blood on the door of your fantasy. Do not give in to malice, do not open your will and your desires to what takes away your peace and life, let yourself be healed, liberated. Alone, little soul, you can't do it. The world around you bombards you with hellish poison and wishes you to die under the blows of a powerful demon, who is too fashionable to be rejected by men and too elegant and fascinating for the world to condemn. I want to help you and for that I drop a drop of my Blood on you, to sustain you in a new battle, to purify your body and your spirit. Learn to reject the poison, you know well that it seems a delicious nectar, but it is not ... Take refuge in true love that wants to love you and feel loved by you. Fantasy, curiosity, malice, excitement are all allies of lust, which instigates them, prepares them, uses them to the end against you and then blames them in your face, so that you destroy yourself forever!

A drop of my Blood from my Cross to bless and console you with tender and pure love, and when you feel weak, come here and pray with me. Lust lives in the desert, because apart from the fleeting pleasure of a few hours it does not survive. Let her die there alone, of hunger and thirst; You do not need it, you need true Love and its fruits, a drop of my Blood to open your eyes and make you wish for the purity of love.

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

Day 31.

Come, my soul, come, approach my Cross, stay with me until the afternoon ...

So long ago Pilate asked me what truth is. I AM the Truth, the Truth is not a thing, nor an idea, nor a philosophy, nor a possibility; Truth is a person and that person is ME. I have come to earth totally man and totally God, thus I have lived among you and having been among you a human person, I was a victim, I was condemned and murdered. My prophet said: "The Just has been removed from the middle and nobody paid attention ..." My process was not normal, not even for the Romans. It was a scandal, a hoax, a sham, a totally fabricated and paid lie.

My little soul, how many times have you lied and lie? How many times have you destroyed the truth and how many times have you clothed it with falsehood and lies? How many times do you think it is justified to do that for a good purpose? Well, it is not justified, false things are not said for a good purpose, this can never be. If you can't tell the truth, you better shut up. If you cannot speak well of a person and not tell the truth, do not speak at all, that is better than spreading evil, slander or gossip. The father of lies is Satan, everything false is his. That is why I want to help you, little soul, and I drop a drop of my Blood on your heart because that is where he sows and makes that rotten seed of lies germinate and grow. May my Blood wash your mouth, so that you may no longer say false words and so that lying does not make you fall into the deception of hypocritical conversations and trying to save the deceptive fruits of your bad tree!

I drop a drop of my Blood to heal you and comfort you. Don't be tempted to justify yourself. If you lied, say it and ask for forgiveness and proclaim only the Truth: a new life awaits you. Remember that before any other thing or person you must pay homage and absolute fidelity to the Gospel, because it is the absolute Truth, it is GOD; No one can be above God and cannot be above the Gospel, ever! I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE, no one can come before Me or change my word in my Gospel. It is like Me: it is THE SAME YESTERDAY, TODAY AND ALWAYS. My Church does not have and will never have the power to surpass my Gospel, nor to change it, because as I said, not one iota can be taken away

or added to my words. There are sins that I do not tolerate and among them is everything that is abominable to my eyes and the offenses to my Gospel by anyone. Blessed are those who defend my Gospel to the point of giving their life: I will give them eternal luminous dwellings. Also, I do not tolerate the generalized satanic lies currently expressed, but you, little soul, give me your weakness, do not be ashamed of it, you are wounded by sin, I know it well; That is why I am here with you and I always come back, but let yourself be liberated, I am the Love that wants to love you and be loved. I drop a drop of my Blood from the Cross to bless you as the One who is the absolute Truth, and with my most tender Father's love I enlighten and comfort you sweetly. Always have faith in my Gospel, which is one and only one, do not listen to any other words but mine which are eternal and are bathed in my Blood.

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 32.

It is a new day and you are here, come closer to the Cross; so I can see you, stay until the night ...

My little soul, once I was walking through one of the streets of this world, bright and full of so many symbols, but extremely noisy and so distracting that they distract all passersby. I found two young people sitting on the ground, on a sidewalk, a boy and a girl, Lucas and Ana. They had a puppy and a guitar, their eyes were very tired and they were looking for a little tenderness and help. I stopped and sat next to them and only asked their names; then their hearts began to cry, to recount and to remember; They talked, they kept talking non-stop and I just listened. So much time passed and I was with them the whole night, just listening and loving. How

many times do you have the patience to listen to your brother and how many times do you have the patience trying to really understand his heart, his pain or his joy? Do you have the patience to wait for the tears of the other or do you always misinterpret everything, you close yourself like a sea urchin for fear that it might hurt you or because you cannot bear complaints and are bothered by those who tell you sad things? Can you read between the crooked lines of the book of life, where the history of others is written, and do you know what you must understand? How much patience does it take to see beyond the smiles, the hastily spoken half sentences, the victories or defeats of your family, friends, colleagues and everyone around you! Do you have the patience to wait for Me to accompany you and enlighten you on the path that I have chosen for you? How long do you want to understand and solve each problem? Or how long do you want to solve your whole life and heal? How long do you want to take to find the human love of your life, the one that really loves you and makes you happy, that is, the one that I have chosen for you, if it is fair and good that you have it, after everything you have gone through, little soul, from one love to another without asking me anything, without thinking and without understanding anything, just because you liked it or because you were terrified of being alone? Does your faith have patience and do you trust Me with patience? And your charity?

My little soul, you need time to answer all these questions, I know it well, but look into your heart ... I want to help you and that is why I drop a drop of my Blood in your haste, in your desire to solve everything and do things "your way", and thus take away that anxious desire for the "now and here" and all that this creates for you. Look at the sky, I did it in one day: but one of my days, do you know how long that is? It is much more than you think! Thus, no longer having to rush, you will be able to see and hear, otherwise you will continue to lose many things. The sower goes out to sow, throws the seed to the ground and then how it grows even he does not know, but the sower must wait patiently, otherwise he will never see that the seed gives the plant and then the fruit. All this cannot happen in a short time, but it will happen in the time established by my Providence, like everything else, in perfect balance. This is my Holy Word: it is sown and bears fruit in due time.

I have given you love, I have cared for you, I have watched you and I have protected you; you have needed your time and I have waited for all your needs with great patience and also the moments of your illnesses, because I knew that you would have returned to the light. I wish to give you the patience of the Cross, my little soul, so that you can understand my time for you. I drop a drop of my Blood, so that you may learn to wait and see the love that grows in you. It is great, because it is born of my Love that loves you, but wants to be loved by you ...

I have patiently waited for you and I am still waiting for you. I drop a drop of my Blood from my Cross to bless you with tender and patient love. Before doing something that you do not know and do not understand, have the patience to pray the little prayer that I wrote for you, below ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 33.

Son, today we can be together and talk, let's stay until the night ...

When the Holy Spirit led me into the desert, I began to fast both with my spirit and with my body, I prayed intensely and every day I suffered temptations, both in the flesh and in the mind, in my heart and in my spirit. All this to make me fall into vanity, into self-sufficiency, into the thirst for power. How many humiliations! Before Satan I had to fight as a man and I was cruelly tempted. When that torment was about to end and I was exhausted, Satan appeared and with docility I allowed myself to be led where he saw fit. In his pride and arrogance as prince of the world, he introduced me, proposed things to me, instigated me and finally provoked

me, but humbly I always responded with the power of the Holy Word of the Father.

So many times I have seen you come to Holy Mass, I know that you have good will, but you always say that you do not have time ... I know that you say that you do not have time to read my Word, so much so that you do not know it at all. I see you from the altar when the readings are read, you listen to or read the little Sunday leaf that you have in your hands, you turn it around, but you don't understand much, almost nothing. I have heard you say that the Old Testament is the history of the people of Israel, that it has nothing to do with you and your life. You always have a good reason to avoid picking up the Holy Bible and reading it! The one you have at home has a layer of dust, and now it's yellow.

Well then, my little soul, come here close to Me, I want to talk to you ... I drop a drop of my Blood on your laziness. It is not true that you do not have time; For a thousand things, often useless or secondary, that you like and interest only you, you have all the time you want or anyway you find it, but for Me, to know my Word and meditate on it, to read what it teaches and allow it to light up your life, you never have time. You know the real reason! Come, come closer, I want to free you from this hypocrisy that you have within yourself, I drop a drop of my Blood to open your eyes and your mind, to attract you to Me, Each word of mine is light for your steps and life for you. Do not fool yourself and do not let the world fool you, telling you that the word of God is difficult and is for those who have time and not for the one who works all day. Do not neglect me so much, do not be just the Christian on Sunday, with a nice shirt on which is written "Long live Jesus and Mary!" Be a true son, dedicate a little of your time to pray from the heart, to talk to me and not only when you need something, I am not a store where you buy things that serve you, I AM your GOD and I would like you to know me. If you listen to me, you will love what I say and thus you will seek me where my words survive in the centuries.

I give you a drop of my Blood to bless you with the tender love of the Father and I wait for you to talk to you, bring at least my Gospel, you will see how beautiful it is to know me better!

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 34.

Yesterday I invited you to come a little earlier; today you are here, I'm happy, stay until the night ...

There was in Nazareth a young girl of little more than 14 years old, María, daughter of Ana and Joaquín. We chose her before the world existed, so that her soul and her body would be immaculate. She was conceived without the wound of original sin touching her in the least. She remained intact like a lily perfumed with holiness, like a treasure chest that contains a pearl of very rare and pure value, and in the total and perfect divine grace she was enveloped by the Holy Spirit and with Him she conceived me. In her, I found my paradise until the moment of my birth, when I left her intact in the light, coming out into the light of the world that surrounded me. Nothing was spared in Mary, the purest virgin, the perfect flower of rare beauty, the Mother of the Son of the Most High. The Virgin, daughter of the Father, was poor and fugitive, exiled and widowed, isolated and threatened, afflicted and rejected, desolate and abandoned, helpless and heartbroken, and in the end she exulted at my victory over death. Then she was on hold for years, suffering for humanity, and finally she reached me in my glory. The Blessed Virgin, the most pure lily, had a life full of afflictions, pains and uncertainties, silences and abandonments, but her faith, her love, her humility and purity exalted her and made her Queen of Heaven and earth ...

Do you know who took her by the hand and made her strong, tenacious, unshakable, even under the Cross while I was dying? Her HOPE, yes, hope with her heavenly and divine wings, which makes faith and love fly, took her on high, to the throne of my Father.

That is why, little soul, that many times you are pushed and you fall under the weight of life, pain, problems, your cross, illness and everything you do not want and do not accept, all because your hope is lacking. I drop a drop of my Blood to calm you, so that hope, flame of life, ignites in you and takes you by the hand making you jump and also be happy walking among the stones of pain in your life, in such a way that you achieve understanding that your fight is life, but only hope gives you that life to fight.

Wait, little soul, wait, because if your heart opens to hope, your eyes will see the infinite and will touch the horizon of the heavenly encounter between the Lover and the Beloved and the fire that burns Heaven is the Holy Spirit that unites them in love!

I wish to drop a drop of my Blood to bless you with the most tender love and thus clothe you with a great heavenly Hope.

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 35.

What I have to tell you today is very important, stay with me until night...

My little soul, do you think there is someone who has ever known how to explain what pain is and why man suffers from it so much? Or who has been able to understand suffering, its origin and why it is in human life? Do you know what pain is? You always thought it was a tragedy to run from. Suffering, feeling bad, hurt, pain: why all that? What is it for? You have always told me and you have asked me that if I really were that God who loves man so much, to the point of having given his life to save us,

why should I allow pain, why would I stare at so much suffering without doing anything? In the end, you have also told me several times that, precisely because the pain continues and is so absurd and unfair, it is the proof that I do not exist. You cannot accept, little soul, that so many, young or not, men and women, children, rich or poor, must suffer so much: diseases, social and emotional, cultural and political dramas, wars and hunger, so many injustices: why? Why was a person well and his life was calm, but then he had that accident that upset his reality, was left with serious physical consequences and the people who were before are now gone? Why him and not someone else? Why is he like this now? What had he done wrong to deserve so much? Among others, there was a little boy: why did he have to die with his mother and leave his 5-year-old sister alone with her father? And a thousand more questions that torment her soul and to which he will not know how to answer. How many times have you come, my little soul, under my Cross, you have prayed and wept, you have asked me desperately many things, you talked and talked, you could not be silent and you have not given me the time to answer to your heart.

When they called me and told me that Lazarus was very ill and that if I did not go to see him he would soon die, I replied that this illness was not for death, but for the glory of God, and that is why I delayed ... Bethany, Lazarus had already been dead for 4 days and they were all suffering a lot. I saw Martha and Maria, the sisters, destroyed by crying, but I consoled them with my love. Then I went to the tomb of Lazarus and saw so many people who were there and were crying over his death. Then, a subtle but intense emotion entered my soul, I was deeply moved, because in my Heart I understood how difficult it is for men to face the dark mystery of death. It separates the affections and creates a deep void of silence, a mute dimension, without return, where man no longer sees, no longer touches, no longer speaks and hope is silent. All of this is something profoundly unknown to the human heart!

That is why I have so much compassion for suffering souls and I always want to comfort them. I have come to this world that I had created and my "robe" was pain and my "mantle" suffering, And yet I was innocent, the Son of the Most High God ... I have shared your reality of pain, which is mute and deaf, but an excellent builder: with his hands he raises the walls of true life, justifies and heals, he is an excellent doctor because he cures

abandonment, rejection, hatred, anger and envy, and gives patience, which is a proven virtue. It is able to calm you and give you peace, it reveals a safe path to the love of God and leads you to the Lord, leads you to Me, and now, look where I am, am I sitting on a royal throne, covered with soft silk cloth? No, here I am, nailed to this tree, I am not here for Me, I had no need, but I am here for you, to tell you that I have shared and carried your pain and your wounds on Me, that I nailed them here along with your sins and through my acute and heartbreaking pain, I have obtained your salvation from the Father. Do you think he did that for Me? No, I was very well in the Holy Trinity. So why did I do it? For pure love. I AM Love and I have loved you, that is why I suffered for you and with you, so that you would feel loved and then you could love others and love Me, so that I was also the Beloved. But you see and experience the pain and you stay there, it frightens you, it scares you, it hurts you and you don't understand it; then you reject it, you cannot accept it for love, as I did for you. You think that everything must have a reason, what if it only had an end?

Listen to me, where were you when I created the universe? Where were you when I created life in all its minimum aspects, its strength and its beauty? Where were you when I created every power that exists and lives around you? How can you tell me what I can or cannot do or what I should or should not say? I have proposed true love to you and I have come to show it to you, but you have rejected it ... I want so much to help you, little soul: I drop a drop of my Blood on your pain, your hurt and your suffering, on your not understanding. I want to free you from so many questions, of so much weight that oppresses you ... My Blood purifies you of the pain of the heart and mind, of your memories and the past, of a present in which you no longer have the strength.

I drop a drop of my Blood on you to give you love, so much comfort through the Heart of the Father. I want to bless you together with Him and the Holy Spirit with tender love and with the power of my Cross, stay in peace and be strong, I have done everything for you with great love ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 36.

You came on tiptoe, are you afraid of something? Don't worry, let's talk together until the evening ...

My Isaiah said that as much as heaven is higher than earth, so my ways are above your ways, my thoughts are above your thoughts. My little soul, where is heaven and where is earth? The earth is here, under your feet, but no one can touch the sky, the sky is an idea, it shows a color, but its color is ethereal. You are like the earth and I AM Heaven. Your thoughts and your ways are like the earth, they are seen and touched, they break and get dirty, they collapse, but they are rebuilt, they are adorned with plants and flowers. My thoughts and my paths traverse silent incomprehensible routes that leave no trace; they are there, but no one sees them, and yet they travel endlessly through infinity. They look blue, but they have no color. If from here, from the earth, little soul, you reach out your hand, it seems that you can almost touch them, but there is a distance that you cannot even imagine. Everything enters heaven, what exists on earth enters and is limited by space.

My little one, my Heart does not suffer the limitations of time, it is not in a hurry, nor does it live in the deafening noise in which you live. What I have chosen for you is not according to your physical thoughts, it does not respond to your whys and your logic, because you are subject to your poor human will. I do not have in my mind what you have in yours and what sin has transmitted to you and with which it has hurt you deeply. When I have lived as a man, I have known your feelings, but I have not experienced them, I have suffered them without making them my own, I have suffered anger and envy, jealousy and lust, the feeling of power and the thirst for

money, injustice and violence, but I have suffered them all in Me without living them, remaining oblivious to them, but I know their aggressive power and what they provoke in your already wounded ego ... Therefore, what I choose for you is always pure love and you you cannot and do not know how to understand, because it is divine and not human. So, my little soul, I drop a drop of my Blood on your thoughts, on how you would like to solve your problems and carry out your projects, your dreams, so that your sky lights up and you can walk the earth and feel the perfume of my heaven.

Ah, if you really trusted Me! If you could trust in my divine Providence!

You would really feel son and you would understand my love for you. You, little soul, how many times do you want to walk, if not run, in front of Me who am your shepherd! You do not want to understand that your good and your salvation is to walk behind Me, that I know how to lead you to green pastures and clear calm waters! Do not go along other paths that will take you between the rocks of life, they are dangerous and treacherous, your enemy has put them there and you do not know it, surely you will fall and hurt yourself, you will get hurt and you will get stuck. Then you will start to bleed and cry and no one will help you, you will feel alone and abandoned; During the nights the wolves will surround you, you will be afraid, they will threaten you, you will be attacked by terror, you will feel lost and dazed ... Ah, if you called me, if you spoke my name and asked for my help, I would come immediately, I would drive all your enemies away, I would take you in my arms and take you to a safe place, where I would bandage your wounds, heal your heart and with much love you would be healed. Follow me, walk behind Me, do not look for other paths, because I AM your shepherd and only I know what is good for you, I AM the light for your steps and only I can give you happiness in this short life of yours, because, remember, without Me you cannot do anything! Your ways, your thoughts, your ideas, your way of acting without Me are completely wrong. Let yourself go and you will find the true Life. Everything was made through me and nothing that exists is without my Will. That is why I tell you that only I know how to carry you and what is good for you.

Come, I drop a drop of my Blood so that your sky lights up and your illusions are no longer, but only trust in Me. Do not look for solutions and do not believe in things that also distance you from yourself, you do not know

how to wait. Your drama is time, my son, mine is Unloved Love. I drop a drop of my Blood to calm you and give you vigor, to help you and enlighten you, and thus I wish to bless you with the tender love of the Father and give you an eternal moment of trust and tranquility ... Learn to listen to me and wait for me ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 37.

You have stayed too far; You can't hear me, so come closer and let's be together until the evening ...

I have seen a boy who stole some cookies in a supermarket; he knew he was hungry, he was poor, he couldn't buy them and no one would have helped him. They held him and interrogated him; then another manager came, slapped him twice, took the cookies from his hand and threw him out without words. I know that you do not approve of these things, not even in particular circumstances, and I also know that you never would, I know that you have never stolen anything from anyone, but tell me, have you ever taken advantage of the goodness of someone, of their time, of their availability? How many times have you pretended to forget something to give it back, just because you wanted to have it? How many times have you parked your car where it was reserved for the elderly or the disabled or a simple ban? How many times have you skipped a line waiting to get into an office or pay for something, and how many times on the bus or on a train have you pretended not to see, so as not to get up and give the seat to someone standing next to you, more needy than you? How many times in an office, in a bank, in the post office or in another place were you filling out a form and you have taken the pen available to everyone, just because you needed it? How many times have you seen a poor person and ignored

him, and how many times have you thrown food scraps off your plate, just because you weren't hungry anymore? How many times what you have in your closet is there, well folded and ironed, for months and months, and you do not use it, or things that you no longer use you throw away, even if they are still new and you do not think that there can be someone who need and can use them? If you have ten pairs of shoes, surely there is someone who does not have any because you have theirs. How many times do you buy things that cost a lot when you could have bought them at a more modest price and nothing would have changed? You are attracted, little soul, by fashion in all things and you spend a lot, without thinking that everywhere there can be people, human beings like you, children, who with a minimal part of what you spend on "things" could live better...

No, you shouldn't feel guilty, why? What is your fault? Do you think you have committed a sin? Often yes, but it is not about having stolen, but about not having loved. I want you to reflect, maybe you should learn to share a little more and realize it ... But I want to tell you something to make you think about it: all that in my eyes is stealing: every time you have stolen, yes, you have stolen, I must tell you! And you had no need, no right; You could do without it, you could avoid it, you could have been more just and above all more honest, more correct and more sensitive, without a doubt more good. To steal something from someone is to take away not only what is superfluous, but many times, too many times, it is to take away something essential, something that nourishes, sustains, feeds. It is taking away peace, joy and hope, it is taking away friendship, a hug and a smile, dignity and consideration, hospitality and above all love.

For this, my little soul, I drop a drop of my Blood on all your cunning and on all your leftovers and waste, especially your too much, because all that you take away from others, especially from the poor: precisely for that reason I bathe you with my Blood, to make you be poor. Don't be afraid of losing what you have; you will have a poor heart, because the smaller you are, the more you can understand deeply how important it is to share, to give and not to take, not to take to feel cunning and intelligent. You know, I do not want you to be a soul that does not know simplicity and essentiality, and for that reason, to enlighten you and to free you from those heavy chains that block you, I bless you with the most tender love, so much so that you can be a generous soul and always have attentive eyes for all

those who need you. My beloved child, my little soul, from my cross, with Father's love, I drop a drop of my Blood on you, so that in your knowing how to give you will find my flowers for you ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 38.

Here I am always waiting for you: come closer, I want to be with you until the night ...

I have been to Africa and I have seen three children; the oldest was 12, another 10 and the youngest 9. They were armed with submachine guns and were guarding a not very large warehouse. With them were four other adults, all armed, and a blindfolded prisoner tied to a post. After a while, one of the adults fired two shots and killed the man, the poor prisoner, like it was a normal routine. Immediately the three children began to laugh among themselves and one put a foot on the immobile body of the victim in triumph. It was a very painful nail that entered my soul, to see human hatred act savagely, especially using and violating the purity of children! It can be tolerated between animals, but not in those who have been created in my image and likeness ... Human freedom is a terrible reality and free will is a horrible burden.

You think that you would never do any of that and I believe you, it is absurd, but I wanted to ask you some things: how many times have you verbally assaulted someone? Have you ever treated a person badly, using your worst words or with your false and hypocritical gossip perhaps you have slandered him? Have you ever closed your heart to someone and condemned him without appeal, leaving him alone? Have you ever tried to

hurt a person by saying something that you knew would have hurt them and did it on purpose? Have you ever heard people speak against family, life, marriage and you haven't said anything? Has it happened to you to hear a slander against someone, perhaps not very nice, but honest, and you have not defended it just because, being a bit sullen and arrogant, he deserved what they were saying about him? I know that a friend asked you for advice in a certain situation, not knowing what to do, remember? But I remember that you did not help him, you washed your hands. Once again, in the name of respecting the opinion of others, you accompanied that friend of yours to the hospital to get rid of that unwanted child; It was Saturday, do you remember? You did not say or do anything to stop her, you only told her that the decision was hers and to do what she felt like, but you did not offer her any alternative and you did not speak to her heart, offering her your friendship and your support ... They told you that an elderly man, who lived on the third floor of your building, was alone and had fallen into a deep depression, and instead of going to see him to find out how he was and keep him a little company, maybe he needed someone to buy him the newspaper -, you said that it was not your problem and that you did not have time, because you already had many problems on your own, and that seeing people like that made you sad ... Do you remember that colleague of yours from the university? You found him while you were at the doctor and he told you the sad story of his marriage, he told you his adultery and everything that had happened in his family, and instead of advising him to do what is right in the right way, you heard him in silence and then you told him that these were things that happened to everyone and to do what he felt, what's more, you told him that it was his wife's fault, who neglected him.

You know, I have to tell you one thing, you are CAIN, you shot your brother, you left him, you didn't care, you were not interested in anything, you killed an innocent, yes, your hands are stained with blood! You didn't say anything to a friend, you ignored a poor person, you killed a child, you despised a sick person, you blamed a wounded man, yes, you, precisely you, and now I ask you: where is your brother or sister? Exactly as I asked Cain, but you cannot give me the same answer, because you are convinced that you have done nothing wrong!

Come here, come here next to Me, be humble and listen to Me, I let a drop of my Blood fall on your heart of stone, on your indifference and your superficiality so that they do not give death any more. I said "do not kill". You can kill in many ways! So, so that your heart when you die becomes a heart of flesh that gives life and gives it in abundance, I drop a drop of my Blood to give you so much love that it makes you be reborn in love. Thus you will be a small cloud that will carry so much rain of blessings, like the one that Elijah announced to the king on the beloved mountain of my Mother ... For each creature that you find you will be living water and you will be the first to pour the ointment of love and surrender of yourself. I drop a drop of my Blood to bless you with the most tender love and give you the passion of a heart that knows how to truly love, I look at you and listen to you from my Cross. Even a word can kill a subtle hope: always knows how to give a drop of life ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 39.

Do not fear, you have come up here, now stay; let's talk a little, maybe until the evening ...

You know, I saw you when you were born, my little soul, I was there and I assure you that your mother and father were happy and received you with love. I knew and loved you before you were conceived in your mother's womb, and I had already chosen you and I knew what your story would be and the path you would take, but I also knew that I would have looked at you and walked by your side. Now I am calling you and I would like you to listen to me: do not judge your parents, they have also lived their history. What happened to you also happened to them. They too have experienced their dramas, their fears, their struggles and their victories, but

also their defeats. They have endured many disappointments and frustrations and have rejoiced in some happiness during the time of their human life, which is full of these things and all of you live them. It wasn't easy for your parents; people's life needs to be lived and known in order to be understood. With their hearts they have loved you and with their humanity they have been limited by so many things. I know they made you suffer, there have been so many misunderstandings due to differences of mentality and different social times, but they too have suffered a lot. They weren't perfect, nor are they, no one is; when you are a parent you will not be perfect either and you will inevitably make mistakes and make your children suffer, but it will not be because you love them little, sometimes it is because you love them too much! If you put someone on a great pedestal and make him your idol, it is as if you put him on the cross, because the day that he falls, and I assure you that he will fall, it will be his and your ruin; he will fall and it will be a great disappointment, and everything that you had thought, believed and dreamed of will disappear in an instant, never do it! Learn to tenderly embrace the limits and weaknesses, and also the mistakes of your parents, and do not forget that, without them, I could not have given you life.

Now come, come closer to Me, my little soul, I want to drop a drop of my Blood on the memories and the wounds, on the caresses and the painful exchanges in the course of your life. May there always be the certainty in your heart that you must love and respect, but also honor your father and mother as if they were a precious treasure, because they really are. I called them to give you life, I bathe them with my Blood so that you feel the joy of having them still alive and, if not, remember them with extreme tenderness, because they are your most beautiful memory, even if they have made you suffer. In some moments of your childhood and adolescence - it is possible that you remember faces, voices, words and gestures that caused you suffering - you also remember that behind all this there were poor human beings, deeply wounded, and of whom I only I know their true story. Pray for them always with the strength of your heart and respect their fragility, whatever it may be, do not judge, and so I will not judge you and your children will not judge you ... I will give you great merit, because the one who honors the father will have a great gift from my Heart and whoever honors and comforts the heart of his mother will have a long life of peace.

I drop a drop of my Blood on you, little soul, to bless you and bless your parents, beautiful souls, my children, with the most tender love of the Father, for all of you from my cross ... I AM Jesus, who as a Son I bring you peace, I give you my peace, not as the world gives it, but as I, the Only Begotten of the Father, give it, a drop of my Blood to bless your children and grandchildren, all dear to my Heart ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 40.

I'm tired, I ask you to stay a little longer, just until the evening.

I entered Jerusalem on a donkey and they welcomed me with joy, with songs and acclamations, with dances and clapping in the wind, spreading red cloaks on the ground. There were many exultant young men and girls dancing, it was all a party, but my enemies, raptors like vultures, watched me and plotted full of hatred. My poor people, so deceived, so fragile and so blind!

How many solemn Masses are celebrated in my churches, how many rich and embroidered sacred ornaments, how much incense, my altar decorated for the feast, my consecrated persons often very elegant, not like I who had only a robe ..., but I am happy for my people. Only, after the party, who thinks of Me? Many, my children, as soon as Holy Mass or any other sacred function ends, while still in my church they start to speak, shout, laugh, joke, run, jump, as if I were no longer there, and they no longer remember Me. Very few have the tenderness and thoughtfulness to remember that I am always there, hidden away in the tabernacle. Very few

dedicate a prayer to thank me; from the moment they receive my Body and the moment of the final blessing, the time of purification hardly passes on the altar. I don't even have time to talk to you ...

And now, after they have removed me from the central altar, they have decided that I should have a chapel of my own to leave more privacy to those who visit me ... But I wanted to be before my people during my celebration, I wanted to see those who enter my home. Normally the father is the one who has the central position, instead they have put me aside; but I must be happy because they have made me beautiful chapels, although isolated: so, if before I felt alone, now I am abandoned and relegated ... Is there anyone who cares about all that?

I sit alone, in the dark, with a red cemetery lamp. I wonder if they really believe I live inside that isolated tabernacle, and so many times there is no one with me for hours and hours, other times someone passes by, for a bit and then leaves. I am hidden in that bread and have no one to talk to, I would like to love but I cannot reach anyone because there is no one to reach. So many times I would like to be happy as well, but I cannot because I am all alone: to whom could I communicate my joy?

So many of my children tell me that they do not feel my presence or hear my voice; but how can they feel it, if they don't give me a way or time to talk to them? I don't want to hear a thousand questions and requests, at times I can't bear to hear that "Lord, make me ...", "Do that other ...", "We ask you, Lord ..."

I would not like to be treated as a magician or a conjurer, or as a salesman, but as a Father, as a friend and brother, but above all as the God that I am. I would like to hear "I love you Jesus", "I adore you Jesus", "I thank you, Jesus", "Stay with me, Jesus". I would like hearts to open with me, you do not know how great my loneliness is and how deep it is, how long I await you and my Heart yearns for your company, but very few come to console me. There is so much talk of mercy for the poor, for the abandoned, for the homeless and for migrants, but who has mercy on Me, who has mercy on Me, on their Jesus, stuck here and abandoned by all?

I said that the poor would always be with you, but you would not have Me always, and it is true, and I repeat it, children: the day will come, and it is already at the door, that you will no longer have the consecrated Bread of Eternal Life nor my most precious Blood. You will always have the poor, the abandoned, the hungry and those in need of your help ... There will come moments and, they are much closer than the confusion of the world and the devil would make you believe, that you will miss one of those moments when you have not remained with me alive and holy. I AM Love and I have come to bring and teach Love, but too many of you have your heart closed like a grave, which can no longer be seen, hidden by all the dirt and filth it has on top. What can I ask for and expect from hearts so closed? Hearts that don't even have a door to enter?

I am locked within a small metal or wood sepulcher, I do not feel any heart palpitate in unison with Mine, nor the sound, even light, of a voice; I am often so cold from the loneliness I feel. When someone comes to visit me, they do not talk to me about love but they fill me with "whys". Whenever someone prays and prays with such sweetness and fervor, I cry with tenderness and I am very happy in those moments. I would like for you, my little soul, to live next to Me and listen to Me a little with your love; You can talk to me and tell me about yourself, don't treat me as a stranger, I have never been, nor have you been to Me, because I have always looked for you, I have listened to you, waited for and loved you. I have always been by your side and although you did not see me you felt my love caressing you.

I drop a drop of my Blood on you and I hope that you tell me that you love me and that you adore me and that you thank me, and I, Jesus, bless you with all my tender love. Come see me always, don't forget me, and if you come stay with me, I'll wait for you, here I am, on the Cross ... Come, remember Me.

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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Day 41.

We have taken a little trip together. Listen to me for the last time, until the evening ...

My little soul, thank you for having been with me at this time. I have a gift to give you before I go, but it's not just for you; I have an inheritance to leave you, which is also for your brothers, it is eternal like love. We had told the serpent that a Woman would have crushed its head and a Woman I have left with my beloved Apostle John, my Mother, the Virgin Mary. At the foot of my Cross she received the motherhood of all humanity and in her Heart this motherhood is fertile and alive, she has been since then, and she makes me be born every time that she finds love in a heart. John welcomed Mary as mother and she welcomed him as her son and with him she welcomed and generated maternal love for all humanity and also for my Church. John welcomed Mary as Mother under the Cross and he was also a figure of the Church that welcomed Mary as Mother. My Mother was the one who loved me to the end: She was for Me Mother in pain and *Father* in Loving Love, and I was the Beloved by her immaculate and pure Heart of Mother and by the strength of her love of *Father* who loved, held my Cross and welcomed my death. Her suffering, her torment, the pains of her soul, the atrocious feeling of abandonment, the deep pain for my sufferings were for her a living and lived prayer. She, as my Mother, offered everything totally to God, she did not claim anything, she did not feel a victim, but rather she offered everything that struck her mother's Heart. Only hope could sustain her faith and her love. Her pain was an immaculate pain, not like yours, and the same was her pain and her incessant prayer and surrender. Mary, my Mother, pure as a divine dove, delicate as the breath of the Holy Spirit, source of crystalline water, offered her sacrifice of love precisely because she had the power of purity. She, as *Father*, gave me peace in my last moment, receiving and giving my spirit. It was the hands of my Mother, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which delicately placed me in those of my God and your God, of my Father and your Father ... Many drops of my Blood have fallen on my Mother, on Her as Mother of humanity and of the Church. She now takes one and blesses you, leaving a small sign of the cross on your forehead, a sign of eternal Life. So did my prophet when he marked the foreheads of the saved ones with a *tau*.

Go in peace, my beloved little soul, thank you for having accompanied me under my Cross. This time represents the fulfillment of the Atonement, like my 40 days in the desert and the 40 years of the people in the desert ... You have seen the Cross all the time, everyday like yours; rather, I was crucified in yours. I bless you with the most tender love of my heart.

I AM Jesus, your God and your Lord. Remember my Thomás, that he needed to put his finger in my sores. Blessed is he who will believe without having seen, his faith will be an immense light that will shine in the darkness of the world. Be happy and enjoy the simplicity and purity, humility and poverty of your heart, your body, your soul and your life; take up your cross every day and follow me with courage, with faith and with great charity. I have come for love, I have returned for love, here I am for love and I will return for love. I bless you with the last drop of my blood,

your Jesus ...

Short daily prayer.

Drop of precious Blood, restore me, purify me, deliver me.

Drop of precious Blood, wash me, heal me, wet me.

Drop of precious Blood, kiss me, caress me and bless me with tender love.

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AND NOW LISTEN ...

I immerse you in my precious Blood and carry you with me, within Me, through the paths of your life ... Let's go back together, come into my arms, before the dawn of my last day here with you arises ... I wish to baptize you with the fire of my Love, with the power of my Sacrifice, with the burning heat of my Blood that tears off your chains and opens the doors of your true life in Me.

In a drop of my Blood you will find my Paradise for you!

Jesus

Message from Spiritual Father:

In the extraordinary hour in which we live, the Lord reaches out to us with this "Itinerary of Lent", and the "little soul", that He has used to give us some indications from Jesus, what He wants us to do using this Scripture: that many copies be made, that they be disseminated and prayers be made, if possible also in small groups, because they are pages for meditation. Through them, day after day the Lord gives us a deep x-ray of our conscience and our lives to prepare us to live the imminent Holy Week, which will not only be liturgical, but will ask us to give a total response of life. That is why He asks us to start on Ash Wednesday and not before, faithfully following the order of days. If you skip a day, it is better to continue with the normal course, doing the previous skipped day in one day. Also, as far as possible, keep Confession weekly, at least within the first 8 days and then within 8 days before Holy Thursday. Absolutely do not divide the days, or print separately, or read by recording only some parts for dissemination. The sequence has an order desired by the Lord, with His own precise spiritual pedagogy. The text is one and must remain as it is.

I add that I have the feeling that the Lord with this Itinerary wants to prepare us in some way for what will be "the Warning" that He will send and that without a doubt is already near. Everything is His grace and mercy.

Blessings in the Divine Will!

Spiritual Father